



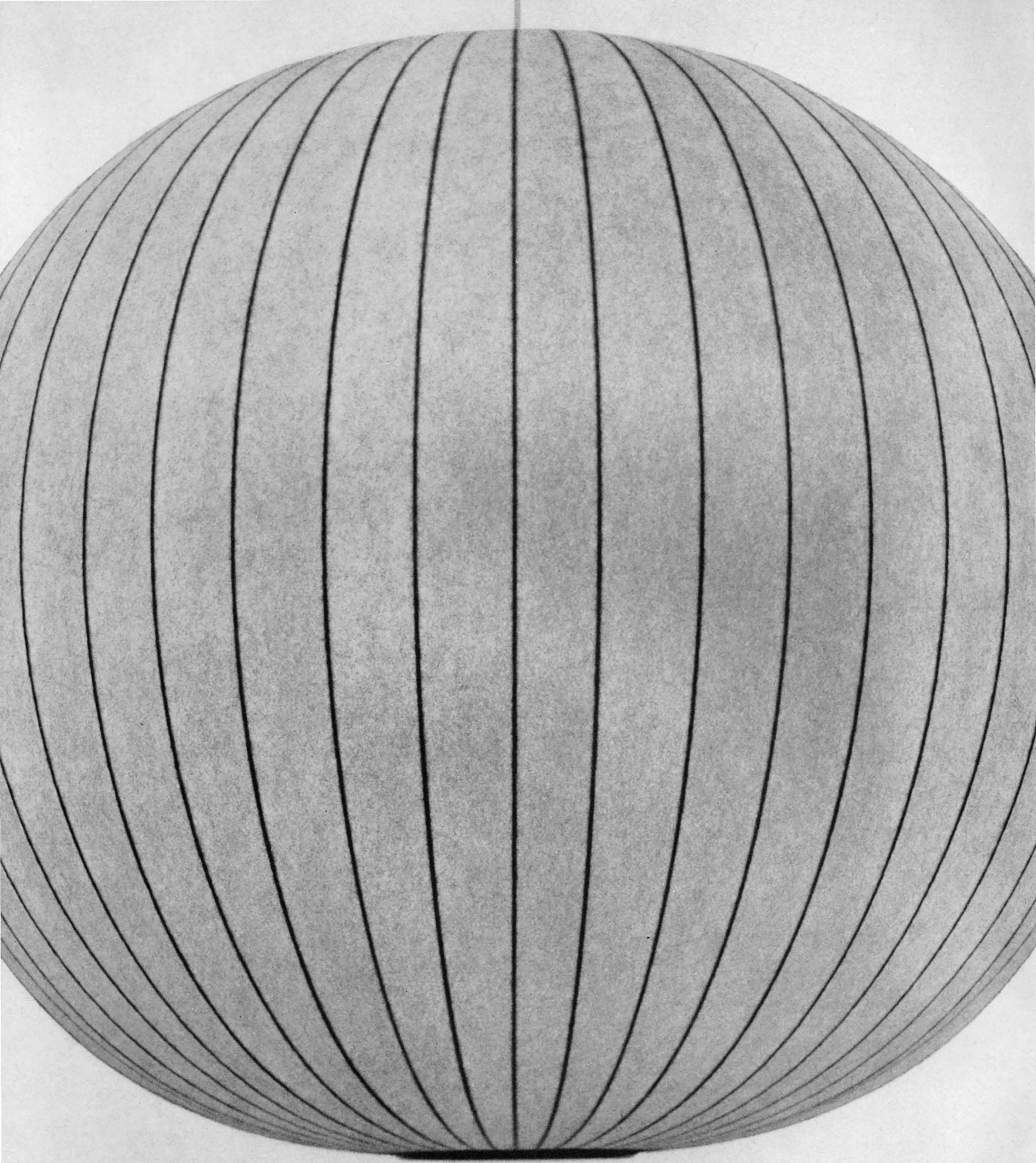
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# ART

DORE ASHTON

## GISLEBERTUS HOC FECIT

It is painful to think of the modern artist's desperate nostalgia for what he imagines to be better moments in history when the artist was assimilated by his culture and could rest content in his anonymity. It is embarrassing to know of the artist's sense of guilt in the face of his own lust for recognition. These attitudes are sponsored by fashion in history, and fashions in history are just as treacherous as fashions in the arts. They play upon man's ineffable need for illusion. Since, until quite recently, it was the fashion among historians to emphasize the complaisant attitude of self-effacement among medieval artists. Whole generations of modern artists have grown up with the illusion that once upon a time the artist was modest, pure, and whole, and worked only for the greater glory of God.

How such a myth of anonymity could be sustained in the face of all the documents to the contrary is something to wonder at. Even if the identity of medieval sculptors and painters has been lost, there has always been evidence in the other arts of healthy egotism and pride on the part of artists. Think only of the troubadours who sang their own praises and carefully identified themselves at every opportunity.

But the myth persists and guilt and deluded nostalgia with it. Only yesterday, or very nearly yesterday, when the artists of the New York club had their roundtable in 1948, the problem of the artist's need for recognition, for a signature, caused considerable consternation. Why does the modern artist feel the need to sign his work, asked Pousette-Dart. Because, answered Baziotès, when we make a work of art we must get our praise after it is finished. But, countered Pousette-Dart (bringing in the old myth), in certain cultures none of the works were signed. Yes, said Baziotès, but if you were commissioned to do a picture of the Madonna in the middle ages, that was praise to begin with. (This wistful delusion had already plagued the romantics in the 19th century.) Only deKooning in his blunt cryptic way rejected the myth: "There is no such thing as being anonymous."

So it would appear, even in the domain of medieval art where scholarship has now unearthed distinct traces of proud authorship. In the 1930s, Emile Male, the great medieval scholar, warned against swallowing the myth too hastily: "We are apt to believe that the great art of the Middle Ages was a collective work. The idea does contain a certain element of truth inasmuch as that art reflected the thought of the Church. But the thought itself found its initial expression through a few superior men. It is not the multitude that creates, but individuals . . . If we knew history better, we would find a single great intelligence as the source of every important innovation."

With these admonitions, Male led into a discussion of Abbott Suger (1081-1151), a remarkable and far from anonymous intelligence that he credits with having changed the course of

Western art. But the proud Abbott was not himself an artist. Rather, he was a domineering patron who effectively exploited artists, ostensibly for the greater glory of God, but also for the greater glory of himself. Suger is only one of a long list of patrons in history who have tried to wrest glory from the artists with more or less success.

In building his great monument to himself, or to himself as God's faithful servant, the Abbott made of St.-Denis a sumptuous, expensively decorated showplace in which, wherever possible, his name was prominently inscribed. In his own account of the decoration of St.-Denis, he relates how he placed his own verses, signed of course, in practically every available spot. Panofsky lists thirteen of these verses in which his name is mentioned, as well as various donors' portraits of him which were strategically disposed so that they could be seen from every vantage point in the church. (In a recent controversial article in a French newspaper, an author arguing his right to be an atheist points out that the church has always known the meaning and uses of the "cult of personality.")

Abbott Suger recounts how he appointed "master" artists for the execution of the windows, for the gold and heavily jewelled ornaments (of which he was inordinately fond) and for the sculptures. But he does not name them. This fact misled many commentators to the unwarranted conclusion that the artists did not care to be named. There is no proof that the master craftsmen and artists who worked for Suger valued their anonymity, but there is ample proof that Suger wished to take all the credit for himself and did so. (Art historians might object that Suger masterminded the innovations in St.-Denis, that he proposed iconographical schemes and established the themes the artists were to elaborate, but the fact remains that the gifted artists, regardless of the limitations imposed on him, finds a way to express himself, or his "self.")

Abbott Suger was in a good position to suppress the names of his collaborators. Despite the stern opposition offered by St. Bernard, whose distaste for Suger's ostentatious estheticism is patent in his written statements, Suger managed to acquire tremendous worldly power by shrewd political maneuvering. A valued counselor to two French kings, Suger held his own in a power struggle with the fanatic St. Bernard. The two, as Panofsky points out, managed to reach a tacit agreement about their spheres of influence. St. Bernard left off criticizing Suger for his esthetic follies and Suger acquiesced in St. Bernard's more exigent religious dicta which he almost certainly secretly deplored. In Panofsky's words, "Realizing how much they could hurt each other as enemies — one the advisor of the Crown and the greatest political power in France, and the other the mentor of the Holy See and the greatest spiritual force in Europe — they decided to be friends."

In view of Suger's absolute power in his domain, it is not surprising that the artists patronized by him have not been inscribed in history. Suger's vanity was too strongly buttressed by his dictatorial position.

Suger was not the only patron in the 12th century in France, happily. There were other patrons, other clerical authorities who were more modest. If Suger's example stood alone it would be permissible to build a theory of voluntary anonymity. Other patrons, however, provide examples in which the artist is distinctly honored, even to the point of being permitted to sign his master works.

The remarkable history of just such an example — the cathedral of St. Lazarus in Autun — does much to dispel the anonymity myth. In *Gislebertus Sculptor of Autun*, two vividly curious scholars, Denis Grivot and George Zarnecki, put together a dense pattern of details and come out with a convincing image of a great Romanesque sculptor. (New York: The Orion Press, 116 East 19th St. New York 3 — \$13.50 and a great bargain since it is painstakingly illustrated with 250 photographs.)

They didn't have much to work with. There are no written records discussing the advent of Gislebertus, nor did the patron himself take to the written work as did the Abbott Suger a few years later. But they did have one extraordinary fact on which to build their composite picture: The main tympanum of the Cathedral of St. Lazare depicting the Last Judgment is boldly

Gislebertus

*The Dream of the Magi*



signed in its center "Gislebertus hoc fecit."

According to the authors, signatures of this kind were not unusual in the Romanesque period, although usually they were found in less prominent positions. What is unusual at Autun is that the entire church, with some very minor exceptions, was the work of a single master artist, and that this fact was duly recognized in his own day as significant. The artist's signature is proudly inscribed directly under the foot of Christ enthroned. "This is quite consistent with what we know of the new self-confident spirit of the age," comment the authors, "in which, long before the Renaissance, the artist claimed for himself the right of special recognition. A striving for fame was fairly general in the 12th century and at times even took the form of an almost naive boastfulness."

Working almost exclusively with circumstantial evidence, the authors have worked out a credible, significant history of the development of a single highly gifted artist who, during the ten years or so (1125-35) he worked at St. Lazare, enlarged his powers both conceptually and technically, culminating in a great masterpiece of his epoch.

Suggesting that Gislebertus may have taken his inspiration from the mystery plays — there being no precedent in the visual arts for the Last Judgment as Gislebertus handled it — the authors cite K. Young: "The fear inspired by the mere conception of the Last Judgment was intensified by the Christian assurance that one could know neither the day or the hour when it should come. This undertone of anxiety is betrayed in repeated, but unauthorized, attempts to predict the final date, and it finds rich expression in ecclesiastical eloquence and plastic art. It inevitably moved the playwrights of the Church also to present the terrifying themes of eschatology upon the stage. The number of these plays must have been considerable . . ."

This "undertone of anxiety", not unfamiliar to the modern mind, is possibly one of the factors contributing to the rediscovery of Romanesque art as "high art" rather than quaint pre-Renaissance primitive art. Surely the complex scheme of the Gislebertus tympanum, with its clever variations in depth of relief and scale of figures (deepest for smaller figures, shallowest for larger, gaining plastic unity) and its expressive movements and countermovements is far from naive.

Here again the authors are prepared to correct previous historical art clichés. Contradicting even eminent scholar such as Emile Male, who thought that Gislebertus "composed his tympanum so awkwardly that in order to fill in the central register he was obliged to elongate the figures out of all proportion", the authors prove that Gislebertus was quite capable of giving his figures correct forms and proportions. An exquisite and highly expressive figure of a reclining Eve is ample evidence of Gislebertus' ability to mirror nature correctly. If at times he departed in such a striking degree from nature, they insist, he did so deliberately.

A glance at the tympanum and then at the numerous capitals reproduced in the book confirm Gislebertus' accurate hand. But the point is that he, like many spirited artists of the period, was not inclined to work naturalistically. He was far more interested in the problems of fantasy and abstraction, and how to accommodate them in the limits of his stones. St. Bernard's famous catalogue of subjects indicates in small measure the range of the Romanesque artist's lexicon of fantasies:

"But the cloister, under the eyes of the brethren who read there, what profit is there in those ridiculous monsters, in that marvelous and deformed comeliness, and that comely deformity? To what purpose are those unclean apses, those fierce lions, those monstrous centaurs, those half-men, those striped tigers, those fighting knights, those hunters winding their horns? Many bodies are there seen under one head, or again, many heads to a single body. Here is a four-footed beast with a serpent's tail; there a fish with a beast's head. Here again the forepart of the horse trails half a goat behind it, or a horned beast bears the hind quarters of a horse."

But Gislebertus was not limited to even such wild creations of fantasy. He was sensitive to the importance of gesture, particularly the tender human gestures that are rendered subtly in several of his more secular themes. No doubt he would have been sympathetic to the neo-Platonic tendencies of the Abbott Suger. The convenience of the neo-Platonic modes of thought to the artist is

apparent even in Suger's epoch. He could say, for instance, that in coveting the beautiful topazes, rubies and golden objects, he was reaching for the immaterial, for heaven, via the material. In his own words:

Bright is the noble work; but being nobly bright  
Should brighten the minds, so that they may travel,  
through the true lights  
To the True Light where Christ is the true door.  
In what manner it be inherent in this world the golden  
door defines:  
The dull mind rises to truth through that which is material  
And in seeing this light, is resurrected from its former sub-  
mersion.

Or:

"The loveliness of the many colored gems has called me away from external cares and worthy meditation has induced me to reflect, transferring that which is material to that which is immaterial, on the diversity of the sacred virtues: then it seems to me that I see myself dwelling, as it were, in some strange region of the universe which neither exists entirely in the slime of the earth, nor entirely in the purity of Heaven, and that, by the grace of God, I can be transported from this inferior to that high world in an anagogical manner."

Suger's belief that the "anagogical manner" could bring him into higher worlds of the spirit is not too different from the belief held by 19th century symbolists that the universe is one vast rhyming scheme with each lowly entity having a counterpart on a higher plane. Both adopted neo-Platonic principles which permitted them to get out of the vise of austere abstraction, such as that advocated by St. Bernard, in order to exercise their gifts of perception and their sensibility to natural beauty. If the senses are seen as necessary avenues to the supra-sensible phenomena of the spirit, then the artist is freed from dogmatic restriction.

(To be continued)

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# BOOKS

ROBERT JOSEPH

## LOTS OF ANGRY MEN (YOUNG & OLD)

Our architectural book reviewer, Robert Wetterau, wrote the July Book column which was mistakenly credited to this month's reviewer, Robert Joseph.—Ed.

We may hope that our essayists and editorialists may someday indulge in what Dr. Johnson called "a loose sally of the mind"; in the meantime, however, our essays are polemics and our novels are contentions because the time is urgent and the space too restricted to be either ambling or discursive. The issues are so pressing that even popular sellers are filled with the thorns and barbs of our era. We have fallen back into the kind of literary statement which De Tocqueville once observed: "An American (he wrote) cannot converse, but he can discuss, and his talk falls into a dissertation. He speaks to you as if he were addressing a meeting . . ."

In an essay titled "These Changing Times," one of an excellent series by the delightfully irritated John Crosby in *"With Love and Loathing"* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95,) the author strikes the motif: "I think (he writes) we are in the middle — or perhaps just at the beginning — of a quality revolution . . . It's all part of the common man's desire to be uncommon." Crosby, who once wrote and still writes some of the most perceptive and abrasive observations about television, here asserts himself in other spheres of our times. Crosby rambles from Money, which he acknowledges as a very important subject, to the lunacies of Oscar Levant, Liberace and Elvis, super-patriotism and the finer lunacies of Civil Defense. And since no one pricks the inflated balloon of self-respectability with a finer needle than John Crosby, his "Lines Written in Anger" are gems of the kind. He challenges J. Edgar Hoover's coloring books for kids; our antiquated laws on dope addiction; the great game of Time Wasting which he finds synonymous with TV; and the campaigns against birth control. His anger is controlled, which makes it that much more deadly.

*"The Quiet Battle,"* Writings on the Theory & Practice of Non-Violent Resistance, edited by Mulford Q. Sibley (Doubleday Anchor Original, \$1.45,) traces the theory and practice of Non-Violence from Old Testament times to the present. "Turn the other cheek" says the Old Testament; "The kingdom is a spirit-like thing, and cannot be got by active doing" states Lao-tzu, author of the Taoist Bible of the 6th century B. C.; the Upanishads of the Hindu scriptures write of the Soul Force in contradistinction to the mighty arm of hosts and kings. These are the doctrinal inspirations for the Non-Violent Resistance of which editor Mulford Sibley writes in this well-documented account of the movement through the ages. The Sit-Ins, the mass demonstrations, the non-violent revolution which we are now witnessing in the South have numerous precedents in American history and in world history. One of the most thought-provoking of all the essays in this outstanding collection is the one by Jessie Wallace Hughan and Cecil Hinshaw: "Toward a Non-Violent National Defense," the alternative to budget-breaking armies and armaments. The authors offer an alternative to an aggressive national policy for all nations, one which bears careful reading.

John Crosby's revolution for the Common Man is re-echoed in a very readable collection of belles lettres, *"The Love Everybody Crusade"* by Arthur Hoppe (Doubleday & Co. \$3.95,) a collection of barbed whimsey which has as its hypothesis that the one man who *must* be rescued is the Common Man about whom all politicians, engineers of consent, poll-takers and mass psychiatrists concern themselves at varying times. ". . . everyone spends most of his time telling the Common Man how idiotic or apathetic he is," writes Arthur Hoppe, a *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist.

Quentin Reynolds admits in the Introduction to *By Quentin Reynolds* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95,) that although "a man who writes an autobiography ought to have a few lessons to teach," he has no lessons to teach at all. Here is a learned and lucid and peripatetic run-through of our times and its dramatic personae or a good many of them, in one of the most readable and delightful books of the season. A man who has weathered the collapse of France, the beaches of Salerno and Westbrook

(Continued on page 32)

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# MUSIC

PETER YATES

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FOUNDATIONS

A gentleman from one of the very large Foundations has written asking whether I am able and willing to talk with him about their plans for revising their program in the field of music. I am more than willing. Having spoken for the American artist at the Wing-spread Conference last year and again, recently, at a conference presented by the Greater St. Louis Arts Council and the Civic Education Center of Washington University, I am loaded. On such occasions one does not so much "talk oneself out" as talk oneself into a more thorough comprehending of the entire problem.

Since, however, I do not know what proposals or organizational revisions this particular Foundation has in mind, or in what their present program consists, I have decided to assemble, as a preliminary to our conversation, a few critically positive suggestions, to name a few deserving names, to specify certain types of useful and easily overlooked values and state what, speaking for the creative artist, I believe has gone wrong.

Let's, to start with, give up the illusion that it's easy to give away money. The disseminating of large sums of money by any means, even giving it away to passersby in the streets, raises more troubles than it solves. Try handing out hundred dollar bills at any streetcorner; your altruism will soon bring the police. Put the bills into blank envelopes and mail them to names and addresses selected from the phone book; the FBI, the T-men, the local constabulary will be quickly on your track.

Even when you have made your peace with the authorities, the problem is in no way simplified. Who is to get how much money and for what purpose? What are the restrictions? How exclude professional and amateur chiselers and PhDs who cannot otherwise afford travel? How ensure that the money will be well and adequately used? No wonder many of the larger Foundations have thought better to deal out the capitalistic swag in large bundles only, to support vast verifiable causes. In the arts that won't work.

A cultural Center, well funded, well administered, fully equipped with opera house, symphony hall, chamber music auditoria of various sizes, theaters, and all the rest, such as we see springing up handsome as mushrooms in well-wishing cities all over the continent, is no more than so much empty space, until artists move in and use it. Who are these artists? Where do they come from? Who is to direct them, administratively, functionally, esthetically? What are they to be doing? What is the intent and purpose of the whole expensive exhibition?

If you have a symphony orchestra, does it provide its members full-time jobs; or must they scrounge the other half of the year to make a living? \*If you have a conductor, music director, business manager, does each of them speak the language of the community; does he comprehend its institutional, economic, and social problems; is he there merely to help arrange entertainment for those who can afford and know they want it; does he recognize his personal responsibility to the entire community?

You might ask the same questions of the local critics.

At the St. Louis conference, where the orchestra was well represented, some of us started questioning who was in its audience. We weren't long in admitting that the social make-up of any symphonic organization unwittingly but actively excludes large portions of the civic community who feel that they do not socially belong. How to get at them? How to make them want to come, how to ensure them they are welcome? Some of our most fruitful and exploratory discussion ran along these lines.

We agreed, for example, that the ordinary retired person won't start coming to our symphony concerts just because he has leisure and years to do what he wishes for the first time in his life. Let's admit it: his leisure terrifies him; he doesn't know what to do with his years; how is he to know what he wishes? We proposed setting up an adult school (six weeks to six months) to which we can encourage him to come to learn about the arts, and while he is attending school he will be provided free tickets to attend the

symphony, the civic opera, the local theaters, the ballet if there is one.

What shall our school teach? Appreciation? Not a bit of it! Our school teaches, in the gentlest, most persuasive and purposive manner, how leisure can be fun. Do we then bring down the arts to the level of the unaccustomed people? Just the opposite. We teach that the arts provide as much challenge as the golf course; that watching two wrestlers hamming it up on television offers less fun to the average adult intelligence than wrestling in person with any of the arts.

Let's admit it: the man who makes a big noise about how he druther watch the wrestlers on television than go to your damned symphony concerts is covering up what he knows he lacks. He's ashamed of himself, like any member of a mob; he smashes as overtly as he dares the symbols of his ignorance. Wanting what he believes can never be his, he roars his assertion that the vulgar, mind-dulling experience he prefers is all he wants. You can't overcome such socially conditioned prejudice in a single lifetime; you can only make a start. It's the younger generation who will be old next.

For that matter, if your programming is directed to the pleasure of the audience, that pleasure will become gradually narrower, until even the so-called "best" audience grows weary to satiation of just being pleased. The arts offer a perennial challenge; the audience wants not to be pleased but, one way or another, to be shaken until each subscriber feels excitement by anticipation when he buys his seat. How to do this? That's showmanship, the artist's business. There are as many kinds of showmanship as there are artists; when you plane down the level of individual showmanship to a polite cultural routine, you destroy art as surely as you destroy artists. Showmanship can be vulgar, and will be, if you give it no better incentive. The duty of the conductor, the music director, the business manager, is to raise showmanship to the highest level. A good show costs no more than a bad one; while you are gradually raising your audience to the level of good showmanship you are also filling empty seats.

What is to be the role of the Foundation? A Foundation sponsored each of the conferences I spoke at; they are asking the questions.

Let's give it an honorable American incentive. The Foundation should spend its money to encourage competition, not among artists for prizes but among cities to stimulate showmanship. How do we do it, how are we to measure showmanship? Well, gentlemen, you say that your cultural operation runs a deficit. What are you doing to erase it? How many people in the community attend your concerts? What are you doing to invite them in? Are you taking your art to the local communities, the neighborhoods? Are you widening your program to ensure year-around employment for your artists? How many string groups, quartets, trios, wind groups, percussion ensembles have your orchestra musicians formed: do you go out and sell these smaller groups to sections of the community which can't afford the big ones? Is your chamber music program forcing your symphonic program to compete? If not, my friends, we shall give our money to the city where this is being done.

You are doing this — or will? Fine! For five years we'll give you encouragement, with money; at the end of this time we're going to look at the results. If you've grown as much as you ought, if your audiences have increased as they should, you probably won't need us. If not, let's look into the causes. We'll call a conference. Here will sit the representatives of the musical community, there the local unions, a reasonable sampling of businessmen, shopkeepers, housewives groups, school teachers, fraternal organizations — the people who, as things stand at present, are not going to your concerts. Now let the musical people explain to their own neighbors what they have done for their art in their community and why they have failed.

A few outsiders should be brought in who know how to speak for the arts to the people and for the people to the arts, men like Max Kaplan, who was with us at St. Louis, himself a skilful amateur violinist, who has worked at bringing the arts to life in a small community, a practising sociologist who can formulate his experience in categories using words that stick to persons.

If nothing comes of this, don't bail out the program. Let the Foundation carry its money and experience somewhere else and try again. The sure knowledge that it's now or never for the program will provide half the incentive. And, after that conference, the community may perhaps face up to taking care of itself.

Too many cities are leaving the cultivation of the arts in their community to a small group of socially inclined persons with a

\*I read that the Milwaukee Symphony has initiated a plan to guarantee a large majority of its players 42 weeks work a year, with a minimum of \$110 a week. The orchestra will be divided in groups for smaller performances and chamber music, and these will appear in banks, shopping centers, motion picture theaters, and schools throughout the state.



taste for power, who know nothing about the arts or showmanship, who control and discipline the local art institutions to their uncreative tastes, who feel no eagerness to bring the arts to any other social level of the public than theirs — of course they can come if they want to buy tickets! — who may be expert at raising money or dunning tax funds to meet their deficits but have never considered widening the spread of their endeavors to exist without a deficit.

Any single isolated group working for the arts in a community is sure in the end to have a growing deficit, if it must depend for survival entirely on its own efforts. That's what Art Councils are for, and they are spreading throughout the country: to make sure that every group working in and for the arts in the community gets a helping hand. The Councils should produce and mail community-wide periodic bulletins for all arts at all levels; maintain a schedule of dates to help avoid conflicts. But too often the Art Council is confined by the same social group or on the same social and economic level as that which controls the local symphony. It neglects the small for the big, the neighborly in favor of the civic. No group working for the arts in the community, no artist alone and unfavored determinedly making art as he sees it should be overlooked or neglected. Just as a community improves its parks, recreational centers, adds a zoo, puts in a botanical garden or an arboretum, finds ways and means for a museum, so it should be improving its local orchestras, song groups, making sure that recital halls are open at a reasonable rate to provide for its recitalists.

When I last visited the San Diego Zoo, I was astonished to find the place jammed with Spanish-speaking kids of all ages, the elder in free groups, the younger parading two-by-two in schools, orderly, keeping the peace. They had been brought in thousands across the border from Mexico.

Where is the money to come from? Where it is to be used, in the community. How are we to raise money, when we can't pay for the schools? No community refuses to pay for anything it takes pride in. That's the secret of the growth of the arts in the American communities, upside down and backwards and socially inconsiderate and democratically irresponsible as that growth has been.

How do we persuade the ordinary television-watching, drive-in movie inhabiting local citizen to take pride in the arts? Like the sun's radiance we have it in ourselves. True pride is not vanity; it's a combination of enthusiasm, acceptance, personal excitement in seeing a job done more than adequately, outgoing, expansive joy in knowing the job is being done right.

For forty years my wife's mother, Grace Stewart Mullen, has been going out herself to raise money in and around the city of Redlands, California, sharing her enthusiasm, fighting every type of opposition, to maintain the Redlands Community Music Association and keep a season of music twice-a-week every summer in the Redlands Bowl. For her no gift was too small to be unthanked, no occasion too polite to prevent her from telling the stranger about her work in Redlands, no place too dignified to stop her from asking someone to contribute money. At the age of 88 she is still in charge, presenting her 40th season: free programs, open to the public without payment, no deficit and money in the bank. But now the community has learned to raise the money. Civic pride has made her an honorary Doctor of Redlands University and the first citizen of her city. The auditorium of the Redlands

high school is named for her.

If a citizen can die for his country, he can live for it, too; to do the job right will not be easy, and you'll be amazed how many honest citizens will oppose you. It isn't the end that counts but the doing, being at the heart of it. For all of that, we should never expect one citizen to do singlehanded the work that a community can do.

So much for that aspect. Now let's turn it around.

You can go on presenting and performing the arts in a community till Kingdom Come, never getting closer than 50 years to the living artist, the artist whose work will in future generations speak for you.

If you'd like to know what he's saying — no longer off the record but now with a high humor and imagination, send \$3.98 to La Monte Young and Jackson MacLow, 965 Hoe Avenue, Bronx 59, New York, for *An Anthology*. Here's show business in the tradition of Erik Satie, Dada, and John Cage turned inside out — a little magazine to revolutionize the little magazines.

You can go on importing masterpieces and "the greatest" performers into a community and never let it be possible for a local composer or recitalist to have a public in his home town, because, for one thing, if he's good enough, you raise or provide the money to send him somewhere else. If he's good enough on a national scale, some Foundation will happily put up money to send him out of the country. We believe that we do this to further his education, to widen his cultural experience, to put him in contact with etc. etc. What happens when he returns to us a mature artist?

What happens to the mature artist when he has outgrown the fun and games?

Too many young artists are being expensively sent overseas to get a European postmark: to learn form and style and cultural ingratiating that leaves their work formless and derivatively styleless and culturally worthless. Nobody knows this better than the artist, but as one of them wrote me who had been doing outstanding work for and with the arts in his home town: "How am I to live and support my wife and the baby, if I refuse this grant?" Fortunately, the group he had helped organize was strong enough to find another leader to replace him. But what is he doing in Europe on his Fulbright? Is he being encouraged to sell American music, styles, composers, to the natives? Let him stay at home paid with less money to learn his native language working full time at his art in his home town, where it's needed. Let the whole community be aware and proud of him. Let them work out together their mutual responsibility.

Where does most of the money spent for art go to in a community? We don't imprison wasters of the public resources, unless they embezzle funds for their own use. It's no more dishonorable to waste and abuse the public money spent for art than it is to steal tribal lands from the Indians. So what shall we say to a man who earns a large salary administering incompetently an art project in a manner which he should know to be a waste of public good and hires a public relations representative to cover up the incompetence and waste, who uses the power of his position to strike down anyone or any group which challenges him? It seems to me he is so crooked he will do best never to get acquainted with himself. And be sure he won't. Having made a reputation as an administrator, he will be invited to sit on the board of numerous committees for the arts.

(Continued on page 32)

T H E M A G A Z I N E

## arts & architecture

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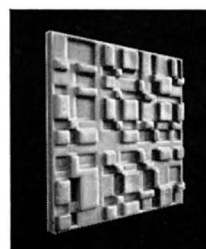


## Creating Interesting Texture at Low Cost

You now can subtly vary the interplay of light and shadow on exterior walls, to achieve unusual beauty and textural interest. This architectural distinction is attained with *Contours CV*, a new, lightweight ceramic facing with incised and bas-relief pattern. That shown in the photo is "Sculptured Shadows." For this Phoenix, Arizona, medical center, Architect G. Collum combined flat and sculptured units in Bronze glaze. Both are stock items.

*Contours CV* is characteristically inert, never effloresces, cleans easily, retains its beauty through the years with minimum maintenance. Units are  $11\frac{3}{4}"$  x  $11\frac{3}{4}"$ . They may be applied in the same way as glazed wall tile or as regular adhesion-type CV. Nineteen colors, ranging from pale pastels to rich tones, are available in semi-matte or mottled glaze. Over a dozen patterns now are standard.

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The fact is that Art, like Truth, defies definition. A limit can't be put on Art anymore than the out-of-doors can be put under lock and key. But that hasn't discouraged those who deal in definitions—philosophers, educators, critics—from trying over the centuries. One can understand their frustration. No other field of endeavor which has a name has escaped definition: philosophy, we're told, is the attempt to discover the unity which lies potential in diversity; medicine the attempt to heal the sick and alleviate human suffering; science to explain the physical world; religion to reach the Absolute where all opposites are unified; and so on. Not very enlightening, but handy, pigeon-hole size and easy to remember in the classroom or lecture hall. The answer to the question, What is Art? (let alone, What is good Art?), however, remains a perverse will-o'-the-wisp, now you see it now you don't.

This month no less than four art magazines contain articles on the subject. Coincidentally, all four take the same cautious, down-wind approach, discussing the elusive bird in terms of symbolism. Three of the articles are admirably lucid and quite interesting, perhaps because they are modest in scope. They don't try to capture her, but content themselves with descriptions of some of her habits.

The fourth, written with the aid of a research grant and appearing as the lead article in the scholarly *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, should have been the best of the four. It wasn't.

The article, entitled "The Six-Fold Law of Symbolism" was written by Peter Fingesten, chairman of the art department of Pace College, New York. The author's purpose was to clear up the "appalling confusion" surrounding the concepts abstraction, symbol and allegory. He explains the differences and learnedly traces the history of symbolism in Art and Religion, citing liberally from eminent authorities and quoting from sources the likes of the Seventh General Council of 692 A.D., the *Upanishads*, Plotinus, St. Augustine, Dionysius the Areopagite, the *Old Testament*. Symbolism, he tells us, was developed by Art and Religion to communicate the experience of the Abstract (which is a purely personal experience and in a manner of speaking revelatory). As a symbol develops, however, it tends to become further removed from the Abstract Concept it attempts to convey. For example, the Abstract Concept of Divine Power was first symbolized as a Thunderbolt, then as an Eagle and finally anthropomorphically as Zeus.

Fair enough. These things have to be cleared up, we suppose. But, at this point, after straightening out our thinking on the subject of past symbolism, Fingesten substitutes an appalling confusion of his own concerning symbolism in modern art. Pure abstract

art, he maintains has rejected all use of objects or symbols and "represents the first meaningful yet non-symbolic style in the history of art". It has penetrated "beyond nature into the very heart of the energies and spiritual tensions of the cosmos". And it is the "first direct, visual translation of spiritual states of mind" by means of "private imagery". In short, abstract art is without symbolism.

As both husband and father, trivia is our element and we are inclined here to split one or two hairs with Professor Fingesten, who appears to have met himself coming (abstract symbol: a circle). He impliedly believes that there is a fundamental difference between image and symbol but makes no attempt to explain it. It seems to us that one man's imagery is another man's symbolism and the fact that it is "private imagery" makes it less understandable, perhaps, but no less symbolic. Agreed, the abstract artist has rebelled against symbolism, as Professor Fingesten says, but has only *rejected* traditional symbolism. His paintings can't justifiably be said to be non-symbolic. Artists—whether writers, musicians, painters or whatever—are trying to express their personal and intuitive insights, their feelings. Feelings can't yet be written, painted or composed; only symbolized. Paint and canvas are still indirect media of expression and by developing what Dore Ashton so aptly terms an individual hieroglyphic, the abstract artist may make difficult the communication of what he is trying to express, but it is no less symbolic for that reason. G. S. Whittet, editor of *Studio*, has said that a painting is a story about the artist, and its vocabulary (symbols) is the form, color and relationship of the painted areas.

The modern artist has good reason to reject the symbolism of the past which drew its images from the sensory world. The visible world was second in significance (at least theoretically second) only to the spiritual world and it seemed natural to draw symbols for the latter from the contents of the former. But the significant physical world is no longer the world of the senses (and the spiritual world unfortunately no longer significant). The micro- and macrocosmic worlds discovered by science and technology and invisible to the eye, the worlds of the radio microscope and telescope, are the vital ones, we are told. They contain the hope of the future or/and the threat of annihilation, depending on which newspaper you read. Buckminster Fuller describes the visible world as merely a stage set with scenery and props that are unreliable and, more often than not, misleading.

Pity the poor artist who is trying to extract symbols and imagery from a world he can't see—nor touch, taste, smell nor hear for that matter. He's in almost as hopeless a predicament as someone who is trying to define Art.



## HOUSE IN HONOLULU

BY BASSETTI, MORSE & TATOM, ARCHITECTS

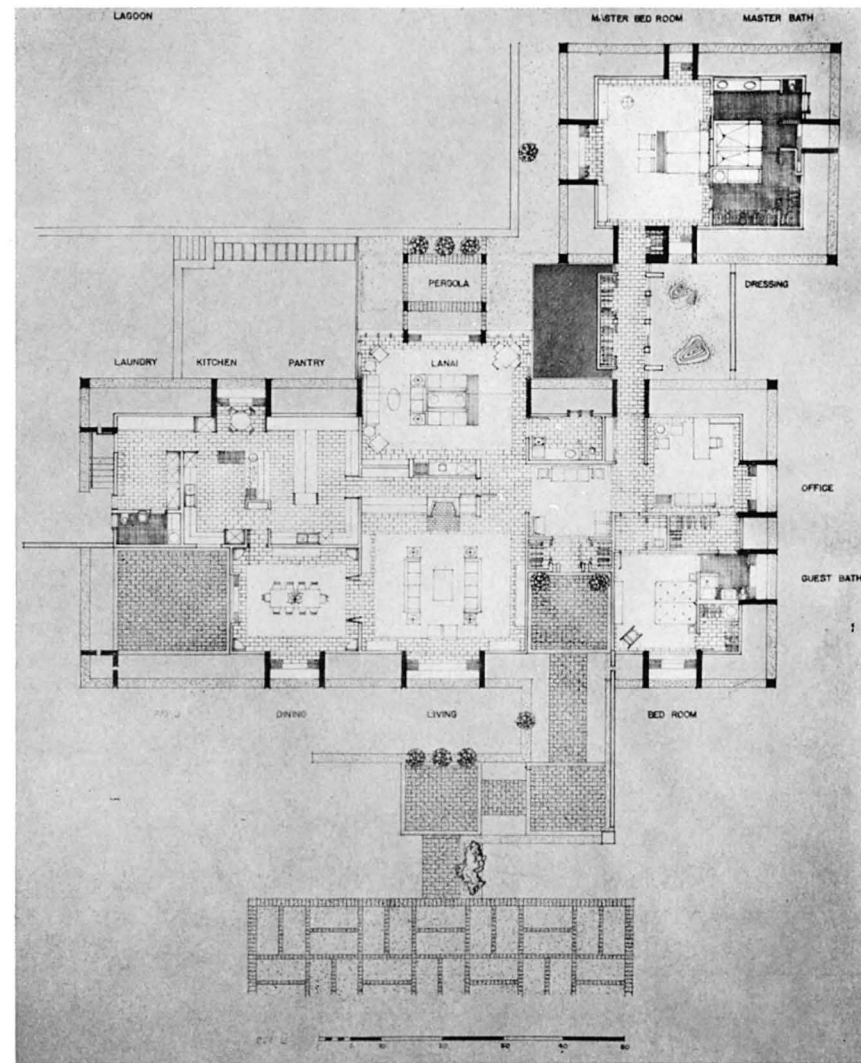
The profusion of brightly colored plant life, set in motion by the constant trade winds, offers such overpowering competition that the architects of this house on the outskirts of Honolulu feel that local architecture should remain a strong but quiet background for its setting. Therefore, simple, unpatterned surfaces, "soft" weathered materials and quiet colors are to be used.

The program was to provide spacious living accommodations for a retired couple on a one-acre site, located in a residential area bordering a quiet, marshy lagoon. A variety of entertaining and dining areas which would accept an extensive collection of antique furniture were asked for, as well as an overall design giving a feeling of low and intimate scale.

The main house, stretched across the site, will be approached by a paved drive court with a monkey pod tree on axis with the living room. Servants quarter, garages and service drive are to be screened by planted earth mounds. From the drive court a series of ramps will lead to the entry, a 6'8" wood plane with skylight above which establishes the low scale.

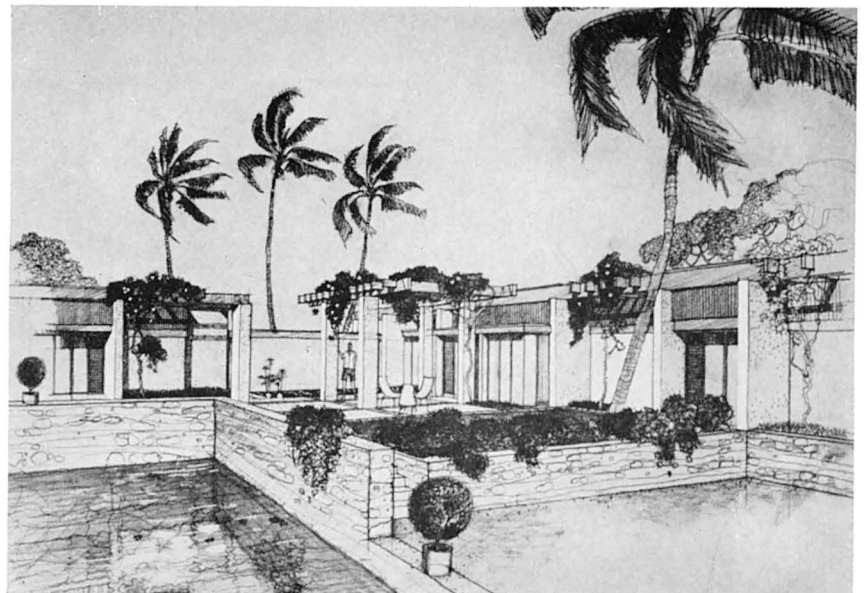
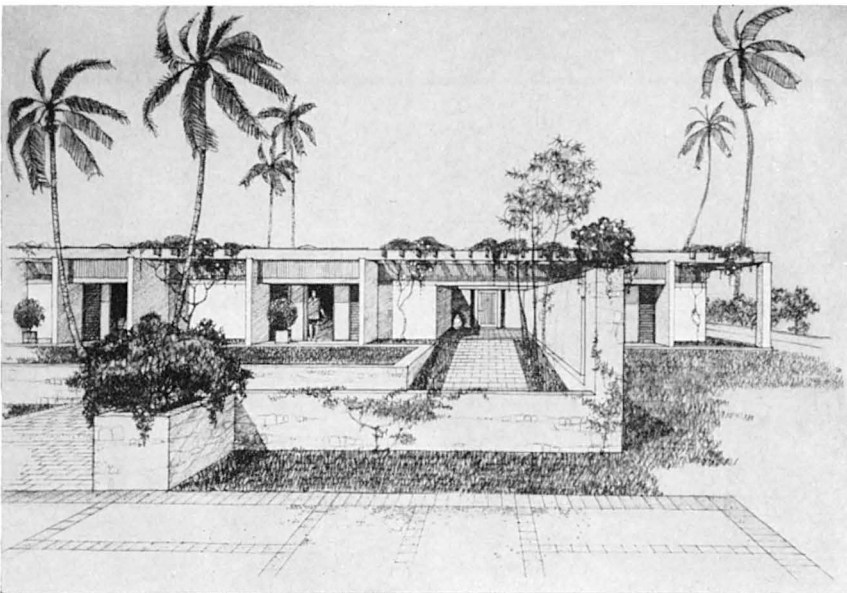
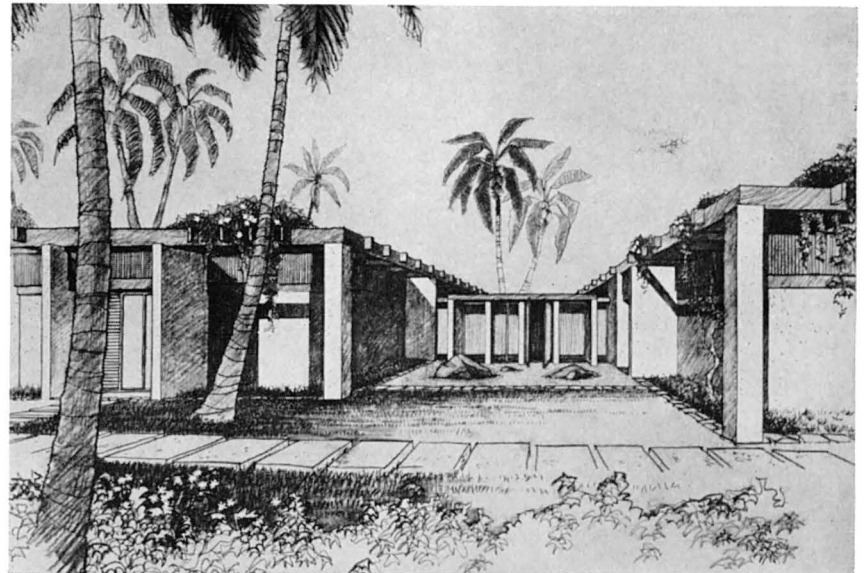
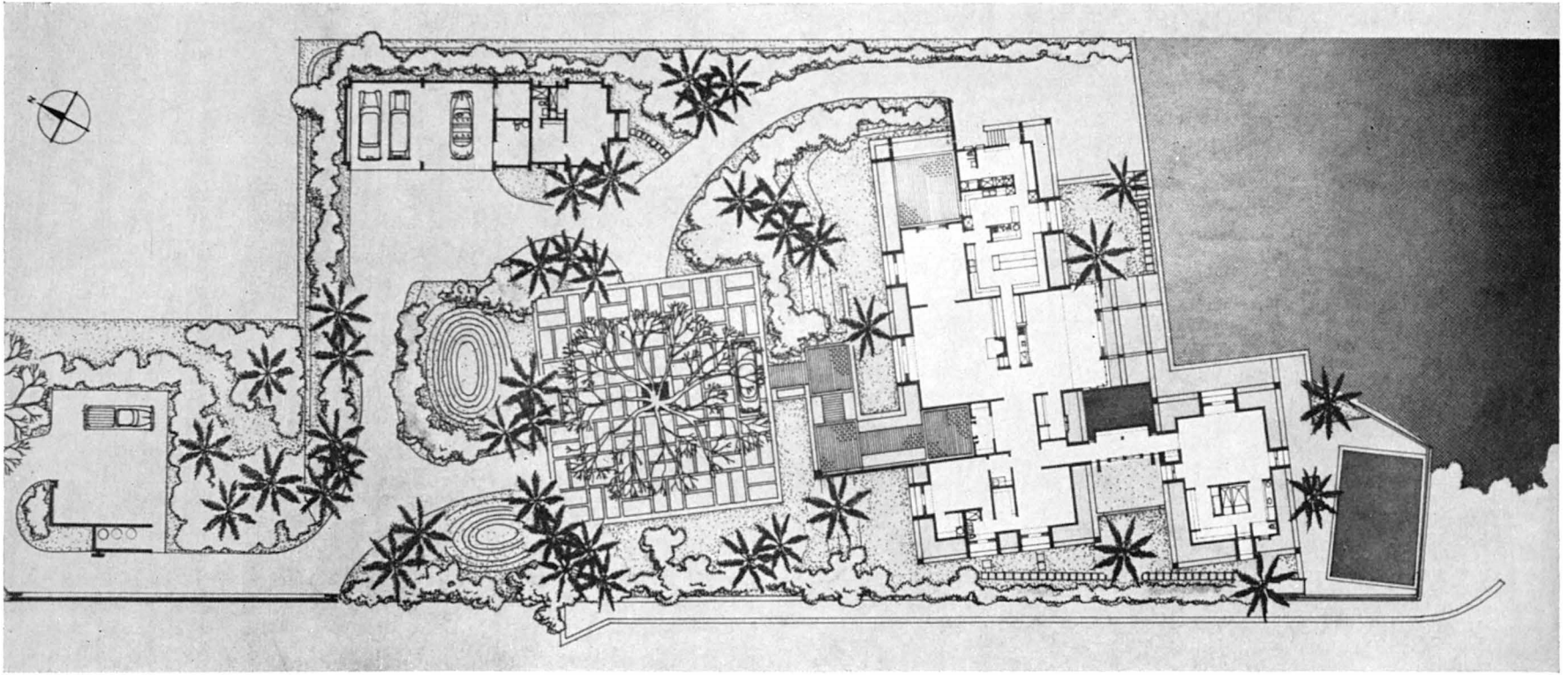
The master bedroom and lanai, areas likely to receive the most use, have been placed on the lagoon side. A vine-covered pergola will offer shady outdoor living opposite the lanai. Cooking and bar facilities in the lanai make it a self-contained unit. The formal living room looks to the mountains beyond the drive court.

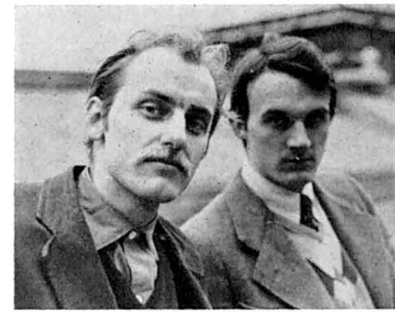
The structure is to be wood frame on reinforced concrete over compact drainage fill. Piers are concrete masonry and the roof wood diaphragm. The floors are teak parquet inside and exposed coral aggregate and block on the exterior. Walls are skip troweled white cement plaster and bleached redwood; ceiling acoustic plaster and bleached, resawn redwood. Exterior doors are framed in multiple brown anodized aluminum with various panel finishes of clear light grey plate, oiled teak louvers, aluminum louver and reed screens. Interior doors are full height flush teak.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTO-CRAFT







## FORMS AND DESIGNS BY HANS HOLLEIN AND WALTER PICHLER

"In architecture we are not concerned with beauty. If we want beauty then we want it less in form or proportion than in a sensual beauty of fundamental power.

"The shape of the building doesn't develop out of the material condition of its purpose. A building shall not show its purpose. It is not an expression of structure and construction, it is not an enclosure or refuge.

"A building is itself.

"Architecture is without purpose.

"What we build will find its usefulness.

"Form does not follow function. Form doesn't originate by itself. It is the great decision of man to make a building into a cube, a pyramid or a sphere.

"Today for the first time in the history of mankind, at this moment when immensely developed science and perfected technology offer the means, we are building what we want, making an architecture that is

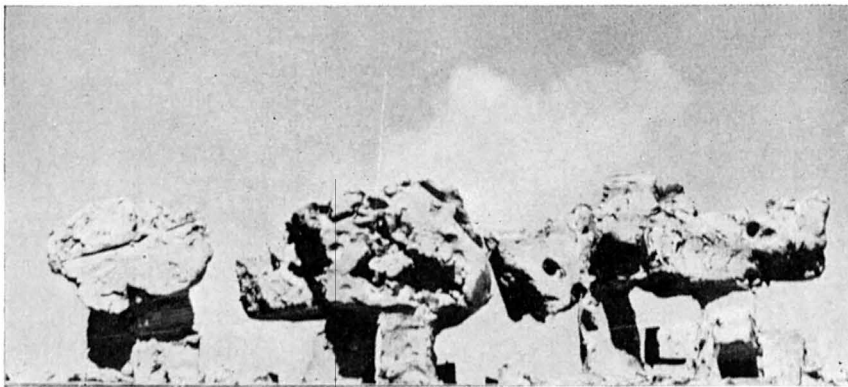
not determined by technique, but that uses technique—pure, absolute architecture.

"Today, man is master over infinite space."

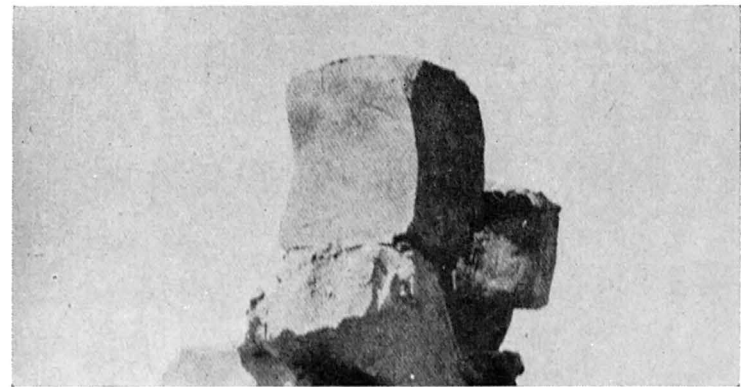
—Hans Hollein. Translated by Kurt Rheinfurt

(Hans Hollein was born in Vienna in 1934, graduating there in 1956 from the Academy of Graphic Design. He then studied architecture and city planning at the Illinois Institute of Technology and the University of California at Berkeley where he received his Master of Architecture degree in 1960. He worked as an architect in Sweden and the U. S. for several years and at present lives in Vienna.

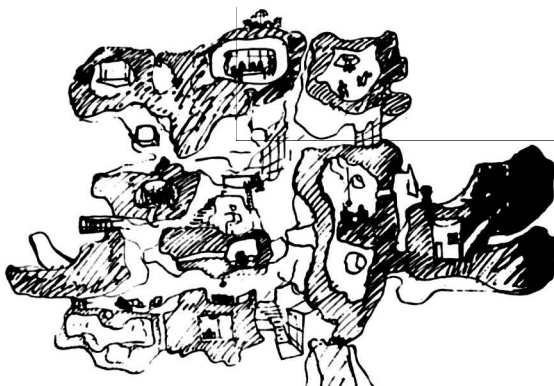
Walter Pichler was born in 1936 in Ponte Nova. He also studied in Vienna at the Academy of Applied Arts. After a beginning in sculpture he switched to architecture, living and working for a time in Paris and Stockholm. He now lives in Vienna.)



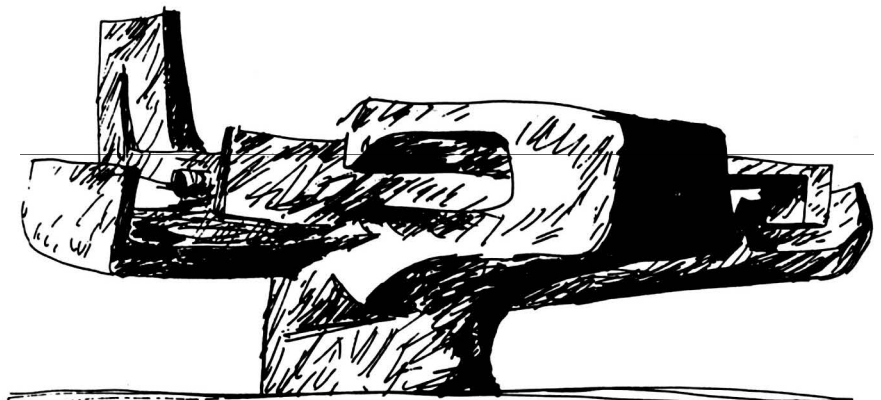
Dominating city for Southwestern U.S.A. 1960



Church 1960



Section through building.



House 1959



To begin, one must consider where Architecture is today. It should be clearly understood that it is not in the hands of the people who call themselves architects; the real Architecture of today in existence today is almost entirely anonymous building, rarely the work of an architect. The difficulty is quite simple. What architects are doing is almost exclusively decorative at best, nothing at worst—decorative because the real problems are not attacked, but decorations of the problem, for decoration is essentially either an unrelated addition to something more fundamental, or an act in lieu of the more fundamental act.

The enormous complexity of modern life is obvious to anyone—but, in the face of this complexity, to limit our thought and action in advance, when the possibilities today are so many and the resources so great, is not the way. Yet this is what has occurred in architecture. Either because of an inability to understand problems in all their complexity or an inability to see possible solutions in all their naked simplicity, self-imposed and arbitrary limitations have been placed upon architecture—limitations pretended often to be caused by inadequate funds but most often caused by inadequate vitality or imagination.

Instead of the frontal attack that would appear to be so obviously demanded, a superficial and materialistic formalism has been pursued, unreal, timid and in constant retreat from the vital spiritual force that is central to Architecture and to all that is real—and to be real Architecture requires more than the decoration of the surface of life. Because the real problems are poorly understood by so many who call themselves architects, artificial problems have been invented as substitutes—artificial problems invented and so constructed that they can be “solved”. Thus we have insane debates about curtain walls or about the correct proportion of row houses to slabs to towers, arguments ridiculously limited by the absurdity of the statement of the problem and the poverty of the statements of possible solution of the problem.

There exist today two problem domains: the first is concerned with the complexity of the problems, the second with the destruction of self-imposed limitations on the solution and the creation of a way to a vital and genuine Architecture appropriate to the vast capabilities of our time.

Of these two problem domains, the first, though enormously difficult, is being confronted in many places, by architects and others working in multi-discipline teams using the most powerful and sophisticated tools and methods.

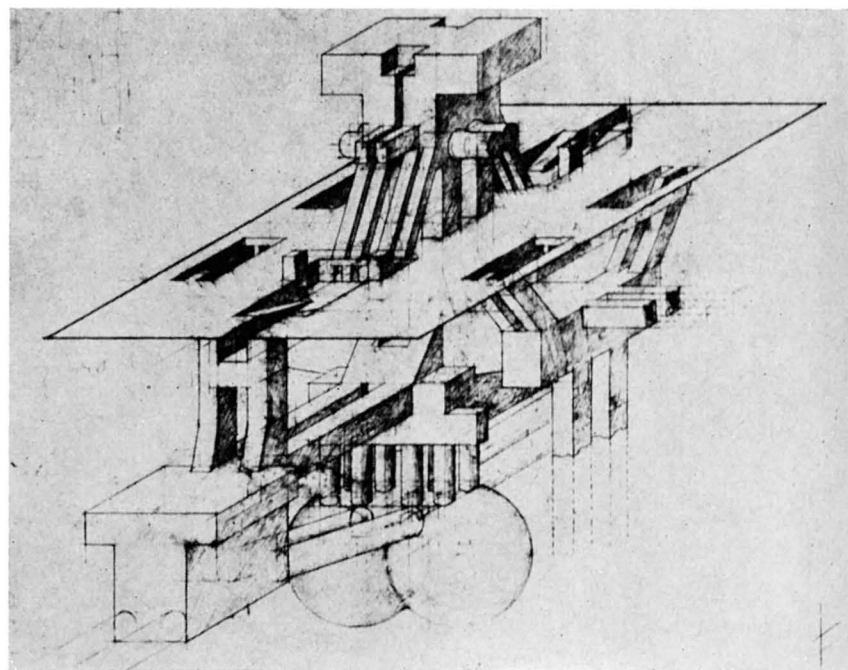
But the second is being faced in all too few places, by all too few men. This second domain is the domain of the architect—or, more precisely, the domain of the architect will be open to us anew when self-imposed limitations are destroyed and we return to deal with those fundamental and eternal problems that have always been the real problems of Architecture.

It is a curious fact that the nearest thing to a genuine Architecture of our day exists in the anonymous buildings and structures of those whose vital intent and consequent spirituality makes their works transcend apparently mundane purpose. This we can see not only in great bridges and dams, in giant machines and factories, but also in miniature in the fantastic networks inside computers, in delicate surgical instruments, in all manner of tools and equipment and instruments newly designed for clear and real purpose, so clear and so real that the building or machine or instrument becomes an integral part of life itself.

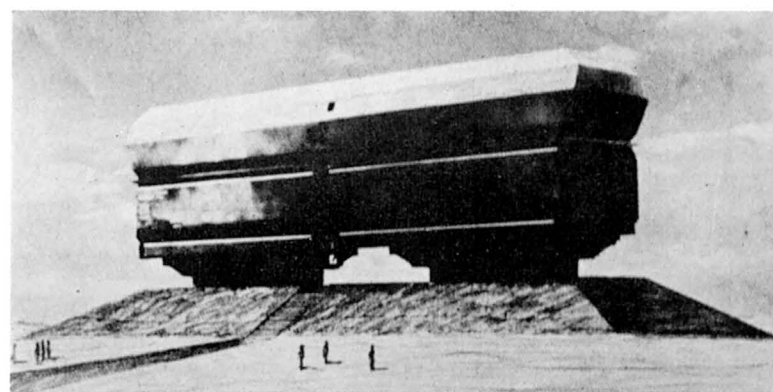
But the work of real interest is the work of those few architects who see the necessity for the expression of an absolute Architecture—the work of conscious visionaries and revolutionaries, not in revolt against the glories of history but against the inane mediocrity of the present, not accepting the limitations the anonymous builder accepts, but establishing with the anonymous builder a kinship of spirituality and vital human purpose.

The task of the revolutionary is not to destroy the past but to find a way into the future. In the work of Hollejn and Pichler the execution of this task becomes a vital and affirmative step. It is a conscious departure from both the boneyards of the past and the quagmire of the present but, more important, it is a step toward the future, a step that recognizes the enormous potential of our time. The terms, the language of their work is not limited by purposes or uses, but is absolute. Purposes and uses can come later; they are the easiest part. Here is a beginning of extraordinary power and insight—showing in clear and pure terms the eternal facts of absolute architecture.

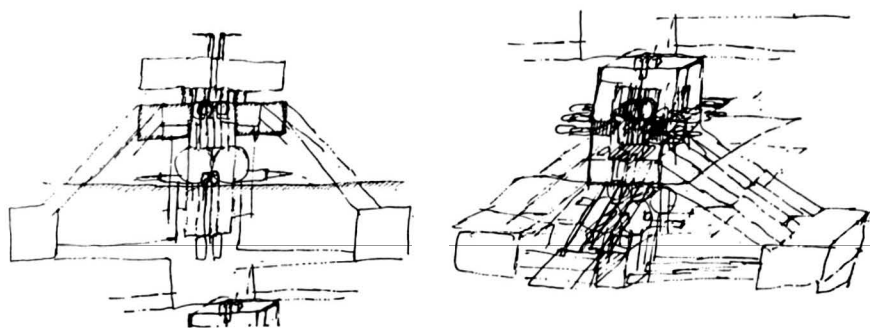
—JOSEPH ESHERICK, Professor of Architecture, University of California



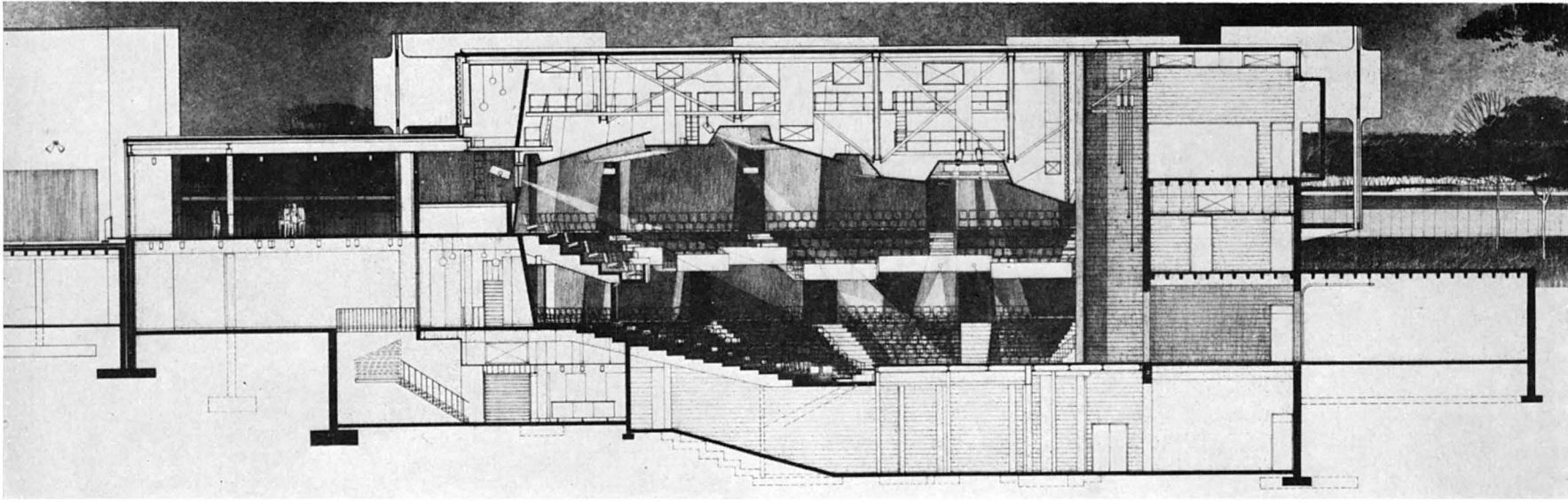
*Kernal of a city: Men live underground. Architecture penetrates the earth and dominates the land.*



*Transformation: A technical design expression becomes a cultural one.*



*Above ground building which is an entrance to an underground city.*



## REPERTORY THEATER BY RALPH RAPSON, ARCHITECT

*(The following is a statement by the architect about his Tyrone Guthrie Theatre for the Minnesota Theatre Company Foundation in Minneapolis.)*

The idea of a top-level, permanent, repertory theatre company in the midlands of America is an extremely exciting idea and one holding considerable potential, not only for the theatre, but generally, for the area. To translate this idea into an equally exciting three-dimensional reality was for me, as the architect of the project, a most challenging opportunity.

Basically the problem was to design a theatre to accommodate "open stage" productions seating approximately 1,400 people. Also inherent in the design assignment was the need to provide for a wide variety of other uses in connection with the Walker Art Center's cultural program, such as lectures, movies, chamber music, and dances, as well as off-season stage productions, with seating ranging from 500 to 1,000.

Physically the new structure had to be integrated with the existing Walker building, while at the same time, providing separate entrances, circulation and control. The limited building funds meant that every possible means had to be employed to provide the maximum for the least.

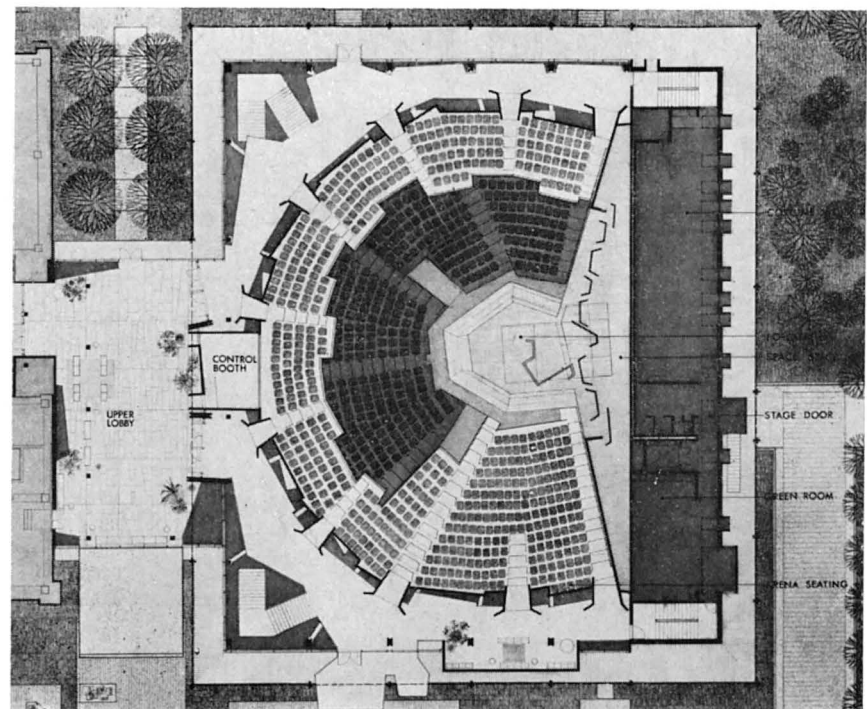
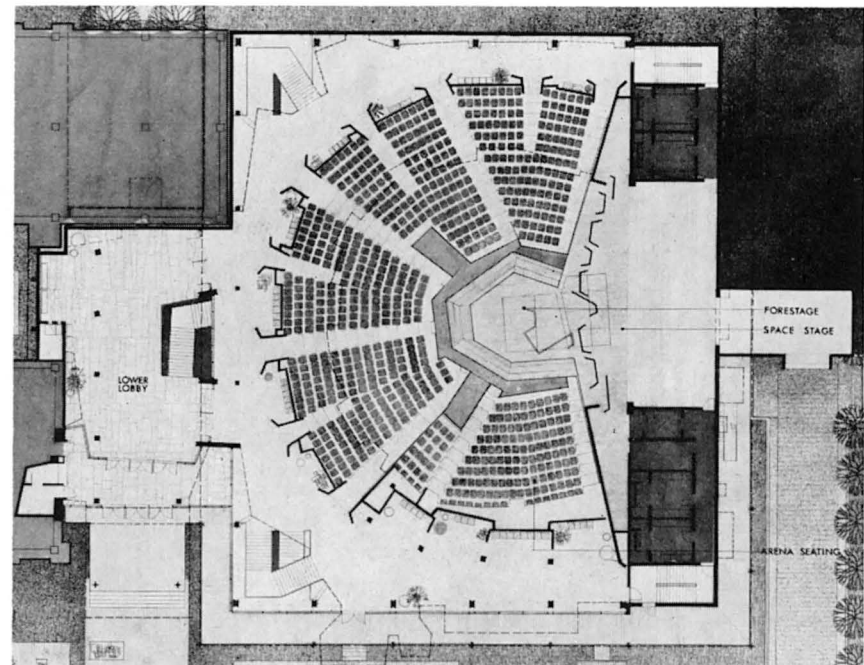
In general, while the exterior form is a direct outgrowth of the interior functioning and planning, I felt that the over-all form of the theatre should complement the existing Walker Art Center building. Thus, highly conflicting structural forms were ruled out.

The exterior character is an extremely controversial thing, and this case was no exception. By expressing the form and shape of the theatre house through the great glass wall and semi-abstract frame, I have attempted to provide an exciting and provocative exterior character which anticipates the delight and stimulation of the theatre itself. At the same time, it is hoped the character complements the existing building in a lasting and dignified way.

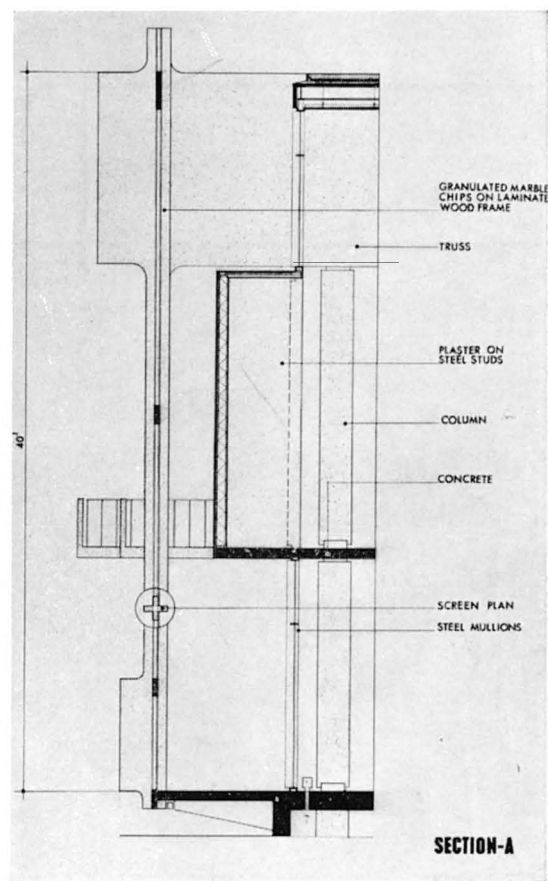
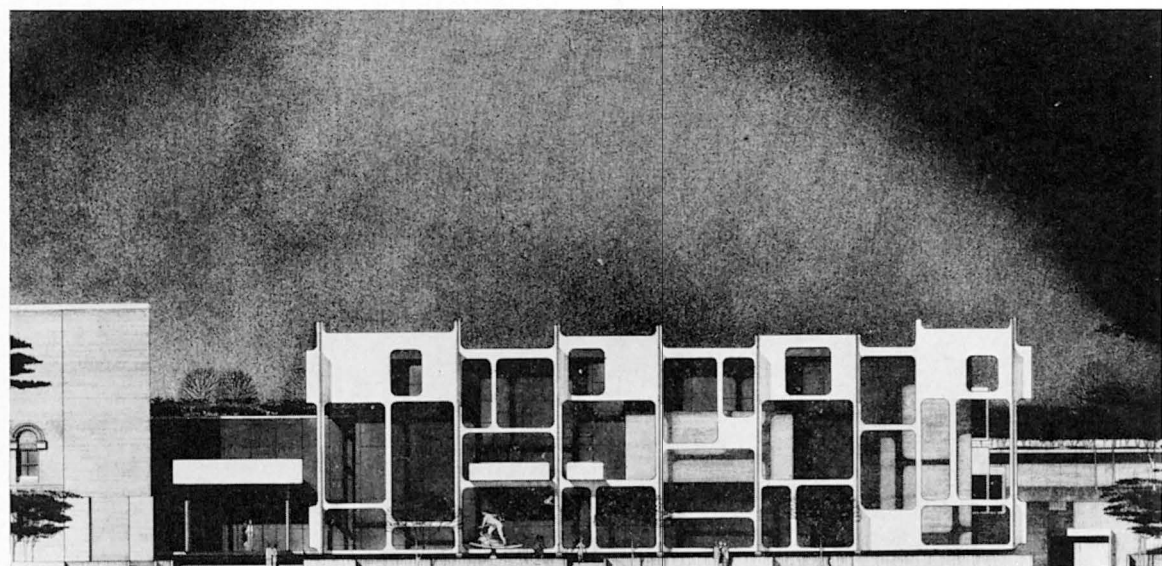
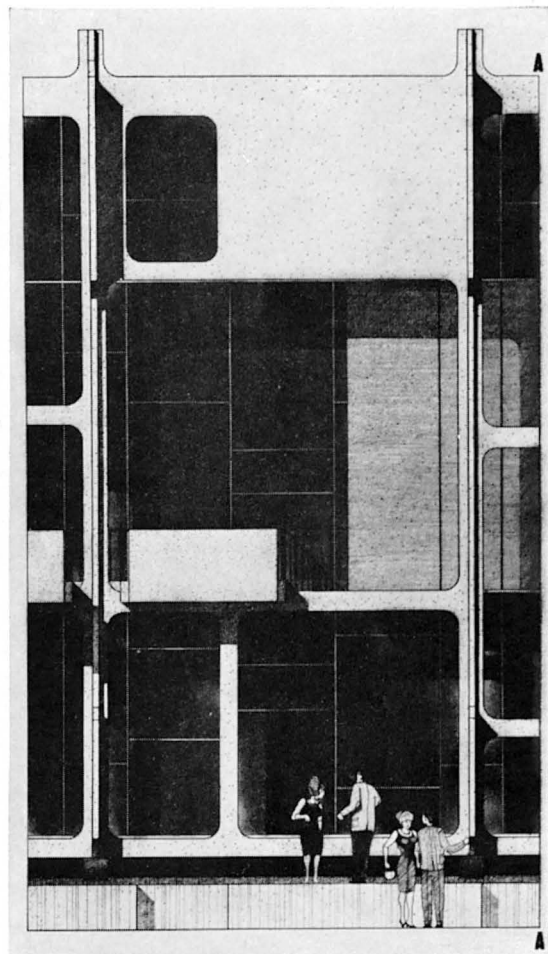
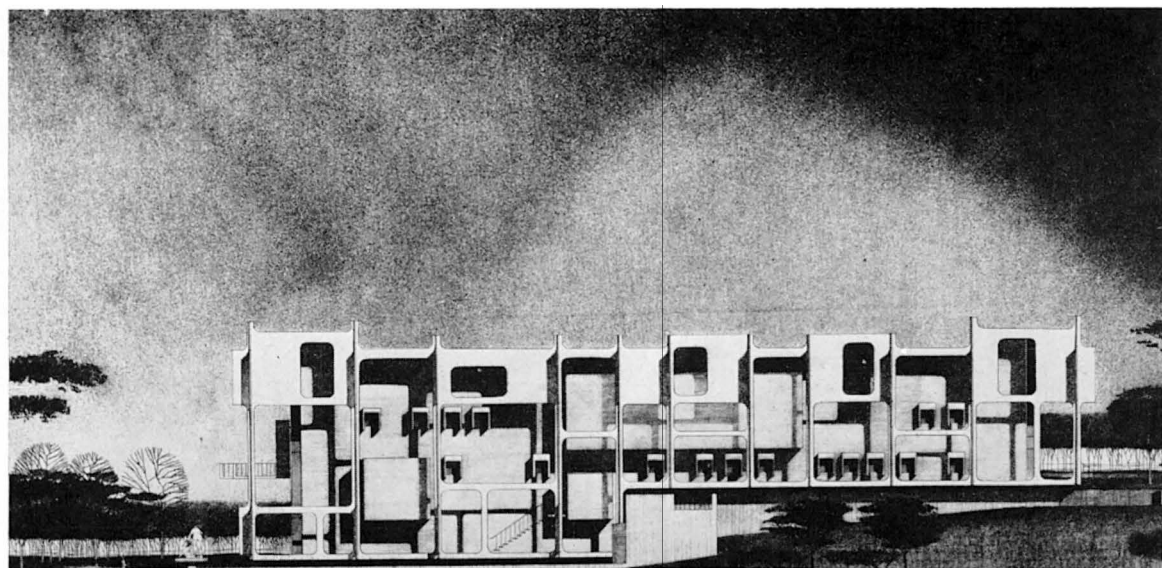
A theatre is an unusually sensitive instrument, and its design and building process is a very involved and intricate complexity of ideas, techniques, and functions. The architect must draw upon his experience and knowledge, and of those others involved in the project. While searching for new ideas, directions, and solution, I consulted and discussed the project with directors, actors, stage technicians, lighting and acoustical consultants, equipment and supply houses, as well as working closely with our normal electrical, mechanical, and structural engineering consultants.

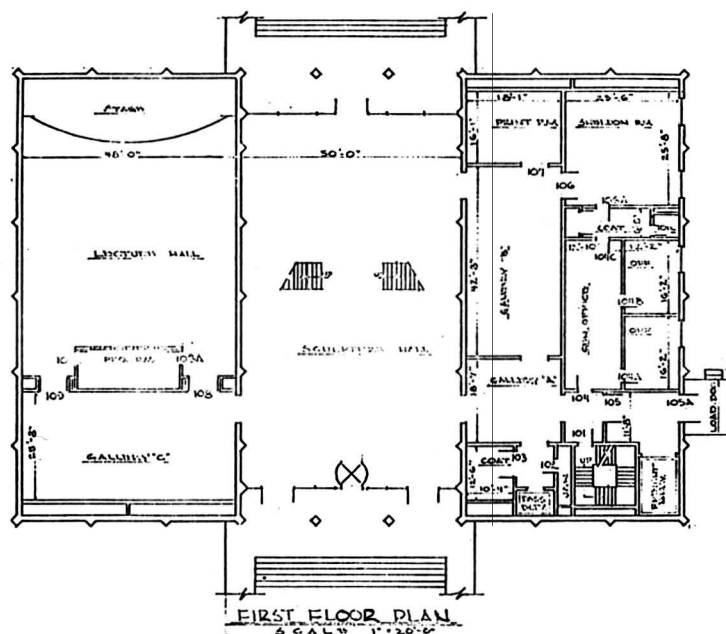
Finally, however, after all research, consultation, and analysis, the

*(Continued on page 30)*

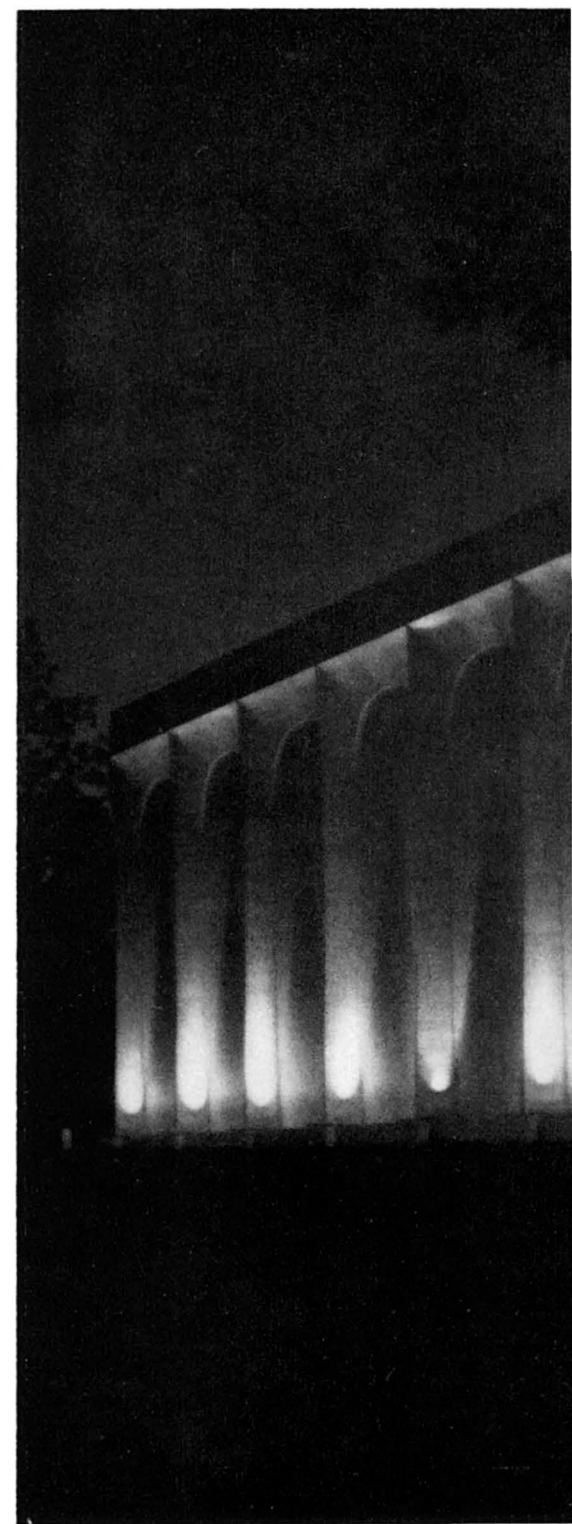
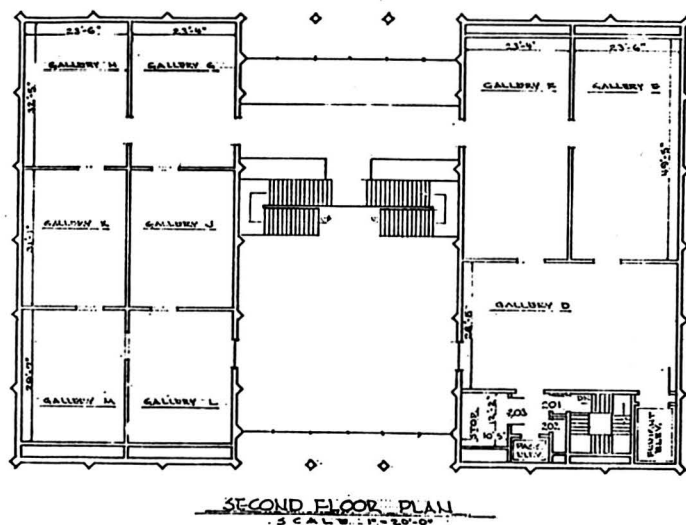








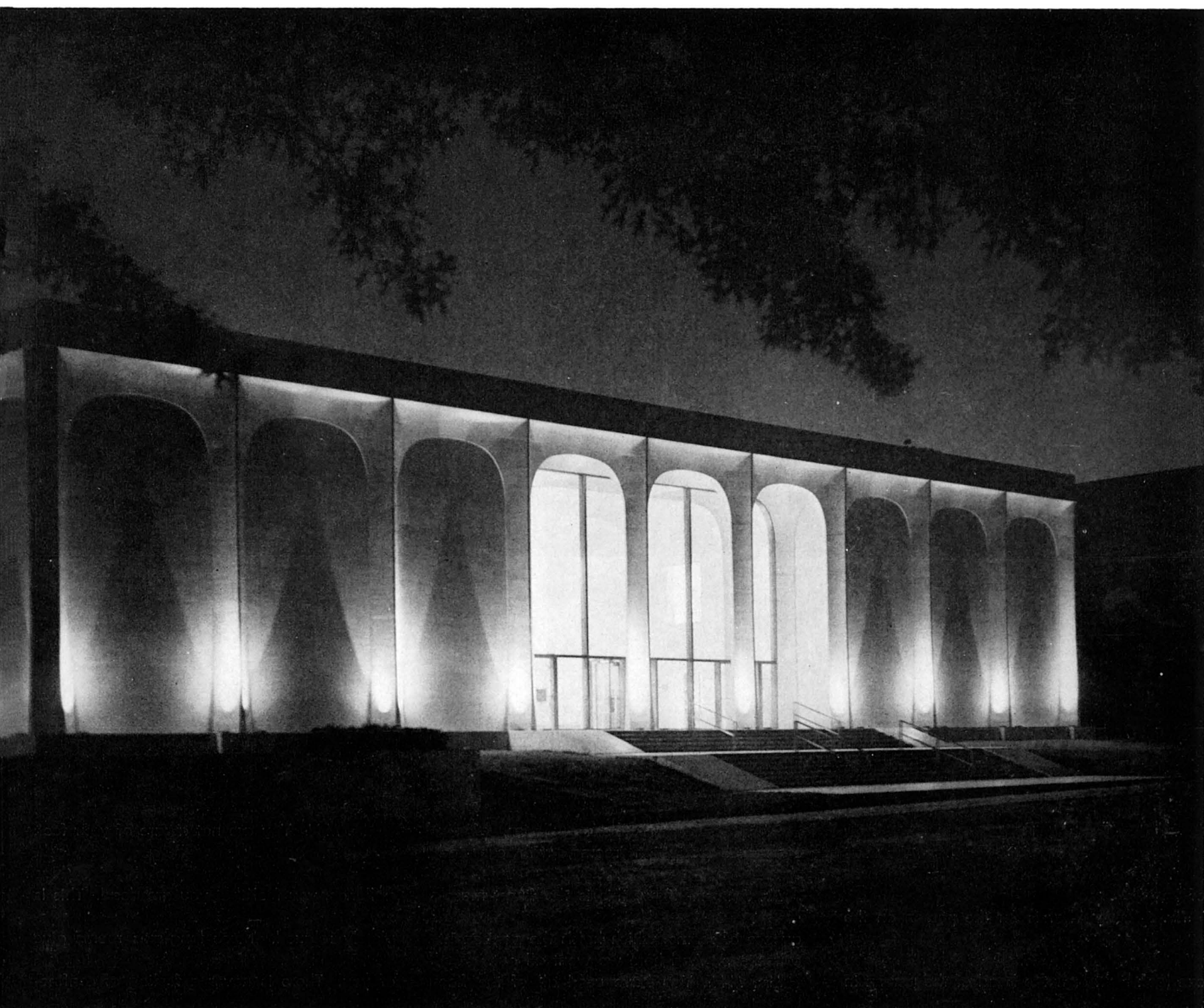
ART GALLERY BY PHILIP JOHNSON, ARCHITECT



(The following is a discussion and tour of the new Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery at the University of Nebraska by the architect and Mrs. Sybil Moholy-Nagy, professor of the history of architecture at the Pratt Institute, New York, as transcribed from a television broadcast. The tour begins at the east entrance with Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Moholy-Nagy standing in the Great Hall and looking toward the bridge-staircase.)

Mr. Johnson: What shall we talk about first? I think the staircase is the most important thing. The outline of the stairs, filled with people, against the reflecting glass. This I got from Eisenstein's famous movie, *Potemkin*. It is good to have people criss-cross. I want people always to go up and down the stairs and cross the bridge. That is the fascinating part of this Hall. The point of this is it is so much fun to be on a bridge. It is like a little child. He longs for a brook with a little bridge to cross. And then he runs back





UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAZ TADA

and forth across the bridge. I think we are all children at heart. It is always nice to cross the bridge.

*Mrs. Moholy-Nagy:* You know you are terribly unoriginal. This is a real, great baroque staircase. This is the grand idea of the staircase — a staircase with no destination, which I find so marvelous. Going up the stairs is in itself an event.

*Mr. Johnson:* The stairs are not to get somewhere, but they are things of themselves, to enjoy.

*Mrs. M-N:* With all of the big staircases, such as those by Neumann, in Bruhl and Wurzburg, there are always side stairs which actually lead to something.

*Mr. Johnson:* Actually in the baroque times, the stair hall was by far the largest room in the castle. And that is what this hall is — a stair hall, from which people look

down; not subconsciously at all, but perfectly consciously.

*Mrs. M-N:* In addition, I find the sensation, when one is on the bridge staircase, of being outlined against the air; not against art pieces, but against the air.

*Mr. Johnson:* If one feels they are in space, that is what we wanted. And then there is another aspect. You go up and across the bridge into the galleries; there you find yourself looking out of the small opening (looking onto the Great Hall) and then you look across and you wave, psychologically, to those on the other side. I'm in this balcony, and you're in that balcony.

*Mrs. M-N:* Concerning the exterior of the museum, I would like to say that the splayed column remains a very natural and beautiful feeling for the eye.

*Mr. Johnson:* The essence of the exterior

design, of course, is the splayed column. I don't know where I got it. But the idea of these curving columns, curving up from their bases and then into the arch itself; that is the fascination of them. The rhythm of the columns stand out from the building and any motion of one's head moves them further out. This creates a third dimension that is so lacking recently in modern architecture. Today we all want to make the third dimension more acute and more rhythmical. Curved columns have proven extremely successful.

(The pair move into the 300-seat amphitheatre)

*Mr. Johnson:* The advantage of this theatre is its steepness. You'll find that the stage is most pleasant to speak from. It gives you such pleasure to be surrounded by people, all around you . . .

*Mrs. M-N:* This is the whole basis of the



## ART GALLERY

Greek theatre, isn't it? It is a fantastically steep auditorium, in which you have the feeling that you are speaking within the group of people.

*Mr. Johnson:* That is for the person on the stage, but for the person in the room, the performer is right in front of you. Here you can look right over the head of the person in front of you. This gives one an intimacy of contact with the performance. And may I call your attention to the acoustics. Each of these panels on the walls are of different construction behind their cloth covering. Each one has pieces of wood criss-crossing in a different pattern.

(Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Moholy-Nagy move out into the Great Hall, onto the stairway, leading to the second-level galleries.)

*Mrs. M-N:* Its remarkable how the glass in the Great Hall extends the space on above the ceiling into the night. The view through the arches disappears on into nothingness.

*Mr. Johnson:* Incidentally, I found out what is wrong with the museum. Everyone asks me what is wrong, so now I'll tell you. It's those terrible holes in the wall (electric eyes guarding the entrances) that you need so thieves won't steal. And over this the architect is powerless. They are blemishes on this quite beautiful building, but there is nothing we can do about it. It is important to have them.

(They move across the bridge stairway in-

to the second-level south galleries, of six connected exhibition rooms, with carpeted floors.)

*Mr. Johnson:* Now, this is the finest museum room in modern times. This suite is a sequence of rooms, which holds the permanent collections. And here we went all out.

*Mrs. M-N:* You have used all of the fine material. It is subdued.

*Mr. Johnson:* These ceilings are 15 feet. They are higher than I have ever made a museum room.

*Mrs. M-N:* The collection, too, is really remarkable. A very, very good collection. I was amazed to find so many very first-rate pieces here. This horse (a 19th Century wood carving by an unknown American) is so beautiful. It is so loving the way it stands there.

*Mr. Johnson:* It's amazing how this collection looks so different. I've seen it for three years in the old galleries and all of a sudden I get interested in the paintings.

*Mrs. M-N:* At least you are no Frank Lloyd Wright. You love the things that go into your museums. He didn't.

*Mr. Johnson:* No, he didn't.

*Mrs. M-N:* What I like is the generosity of the arch ways. It puts you into the next space. You don't crawl from one space to another. The space flows.

*Mr. Johnson:* Carpets help you to look at paintings.

*Mrs. M-N:* You are not aware of your feet. You know at the National Gallery in Washington, after you have been through three galleries, you feel that you are dead. This is really the way that art should be seen, completely relaxed. These long-axis rooms give you a feeling that there is more space in front of you. There is never a feeling of confinement.

*Mr. Johnson:* This is a room enfilade. You see one door, then you see another door; it gives you a sense of order, as well as a sense of sequence of rooms. But there is another change here. We are not trying for the flowing of space in the old modern way.

*Mrs. M-N:* Yes, you emphasize. Actually you are more baroque than I thought you were. It is really the whole principle of the space, each a designed space but nevertheless in relationship.

*Mr. Johnson:* But rooms are rooms now. They don't flow in the Bauhaus sense. What surprised me here is that these six rooms, where we are now standing, was the easiest thing to do, because I had so thoroughly in mind the enfilade system and the sequence of making a loop and then out again. Then I was worried because this was so easy, and the rest of the museum was so terribly hard. And, of course, what I didn't realize was that these rooms are made good by the paintings in them. The paintings do the decorating.

(Continued on page 30)



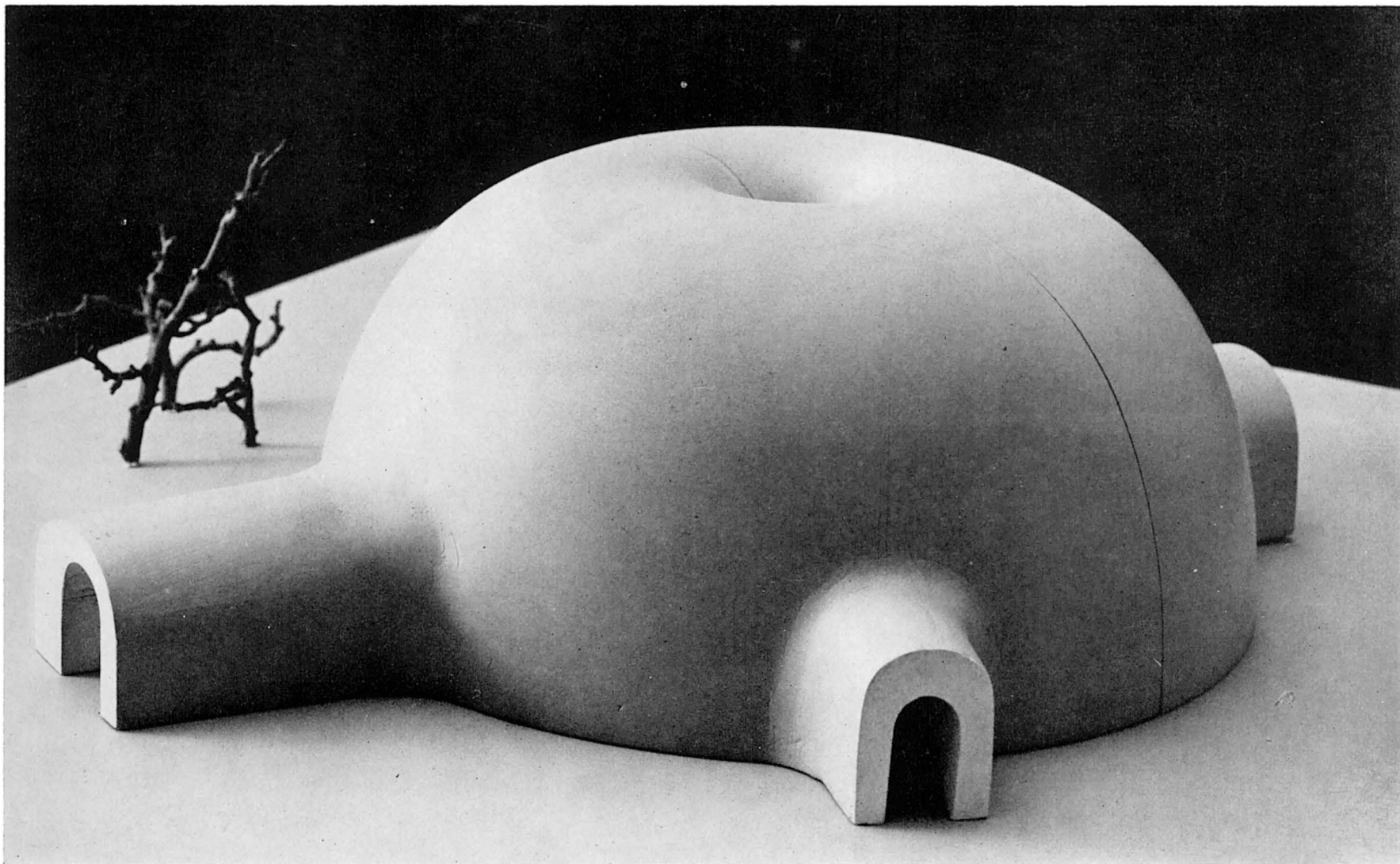


*Sculpture, Song of a Bird, by Isamu Noguchi, in the Great Hall.*

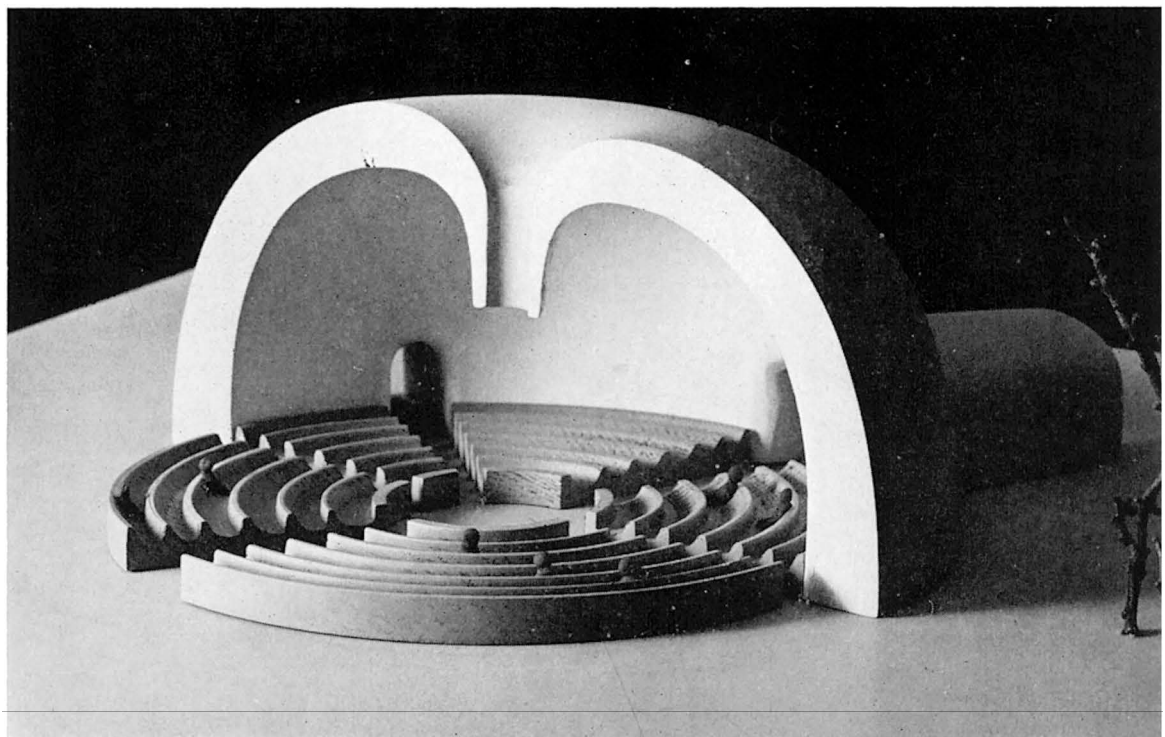


*Sculpture, Youth, by Leonard Baskin; Swinging Woman, by Robert Cremean; 2nd floor, north.*

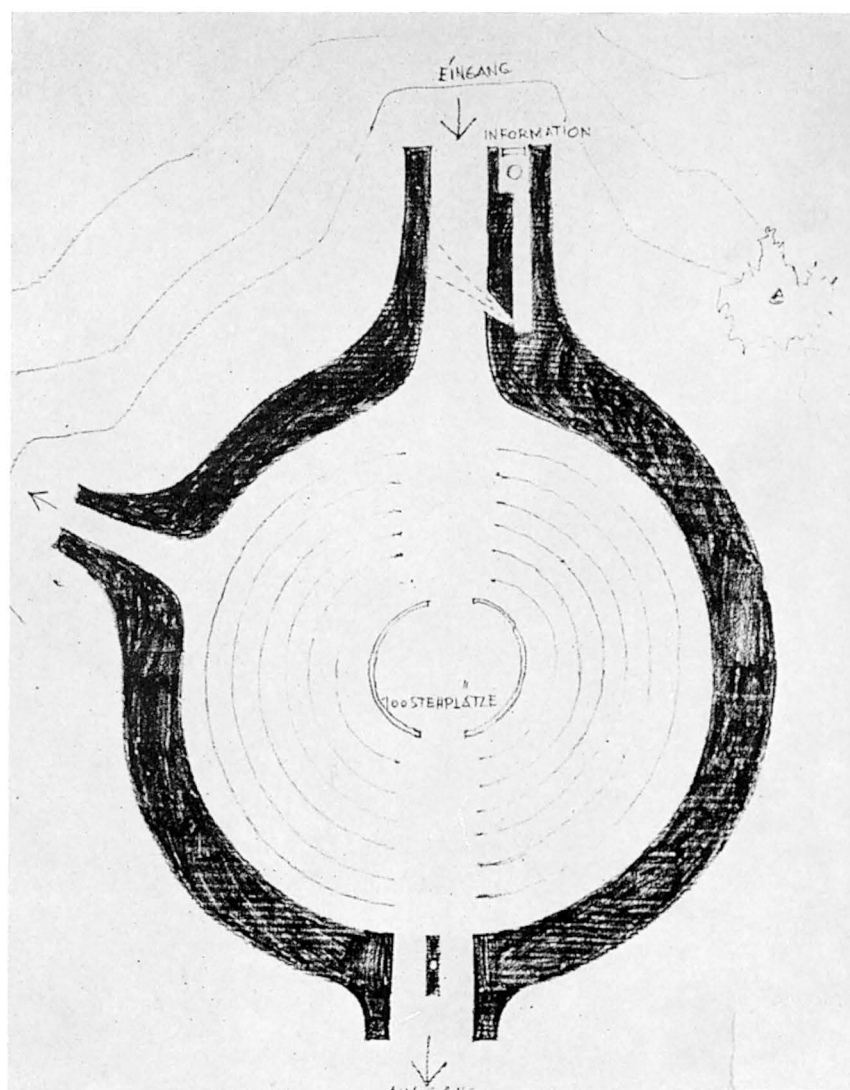




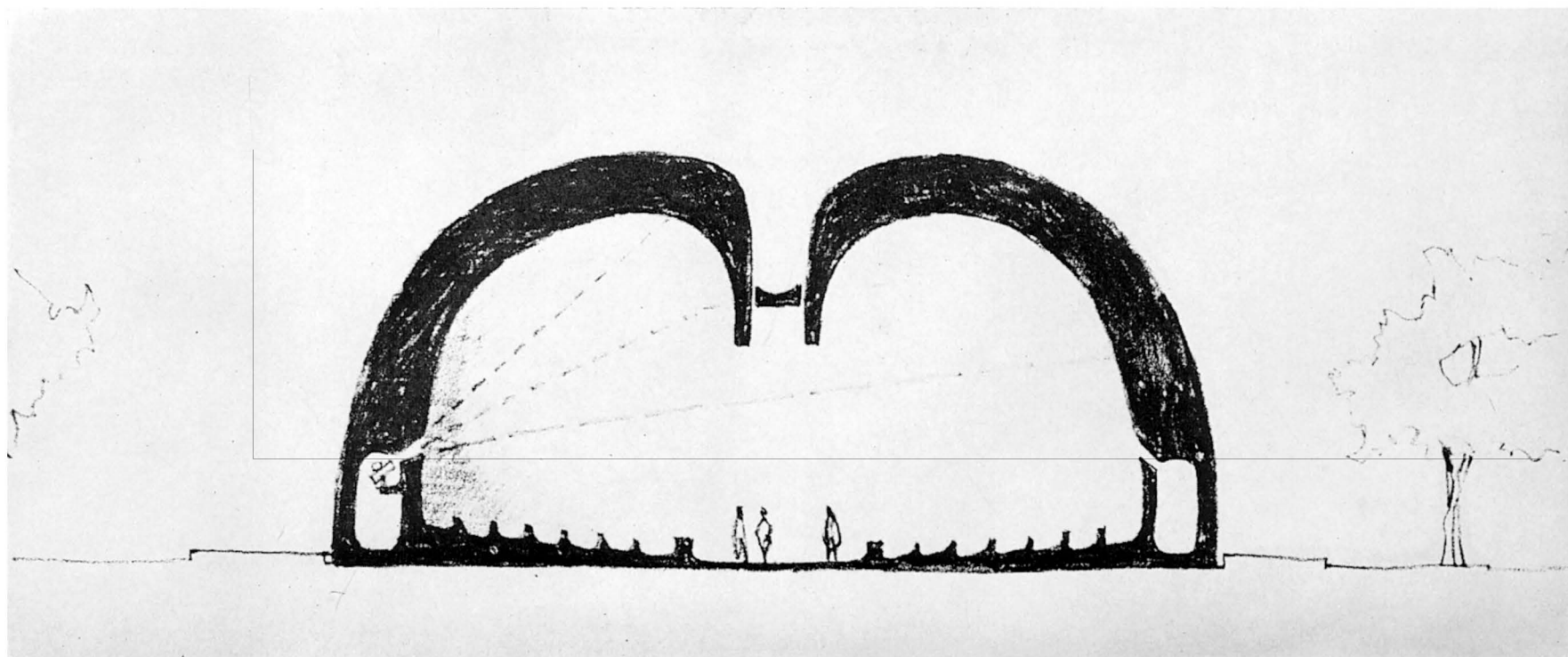
DESIGN FOR AN EXHIBITION PAVILION BY WERNER MULLER, ARCHITECT

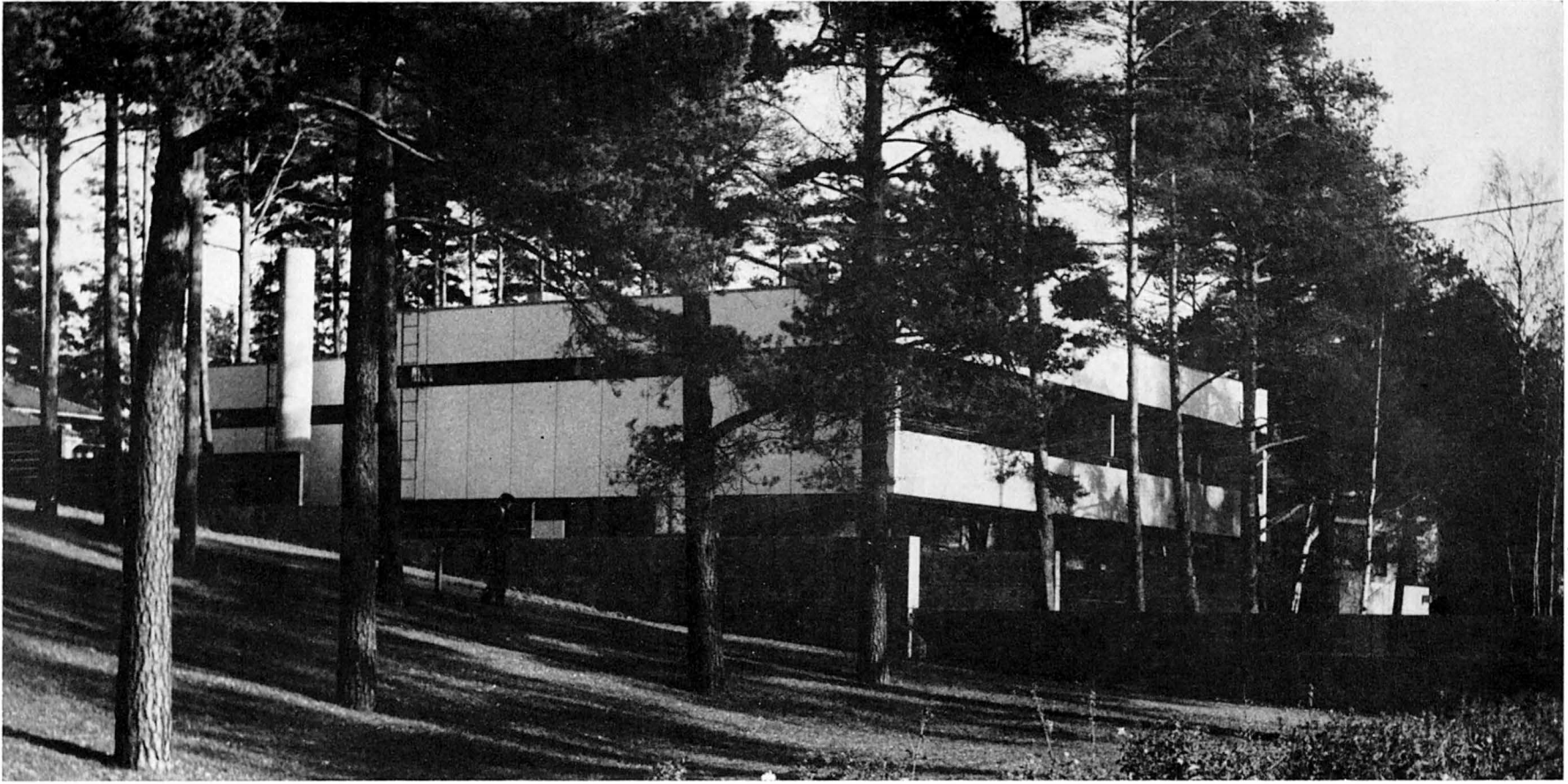




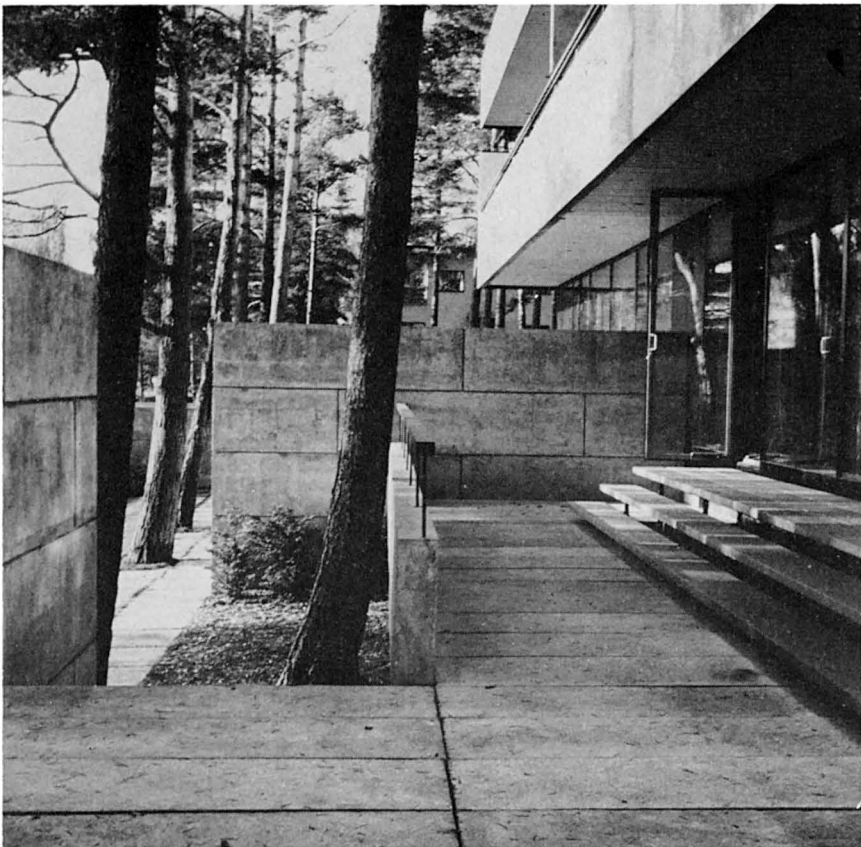


The form of this light foam concrete project was suggested by its function as an exhibition pavilion for a Swiss fruit growers association at the 1964 Exposition Nationale Suisse. Films can be projected against the circular walls from all directions and in the entry television cameras would photograph those entering and synchronize the pictures with the films, giving an effect of live participation.





APARTMENT HOUSE IN FINLAND BY VILJO REVELL, ARCHITECT

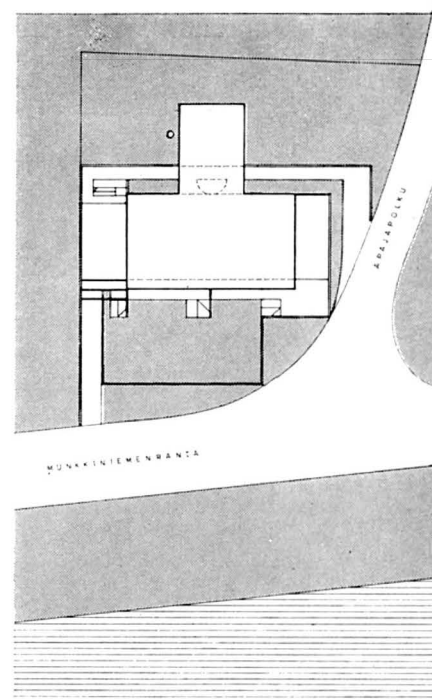
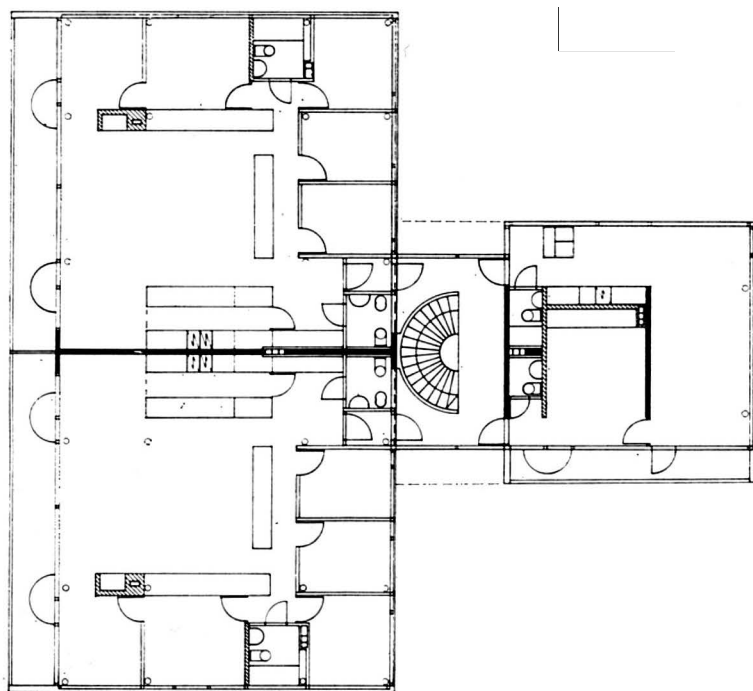
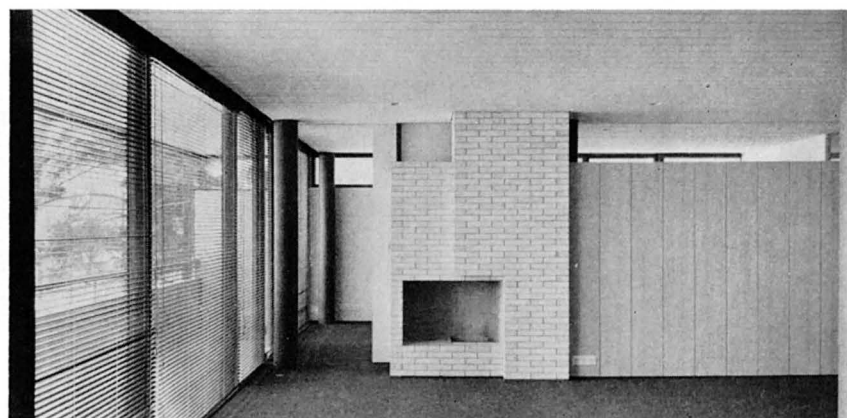


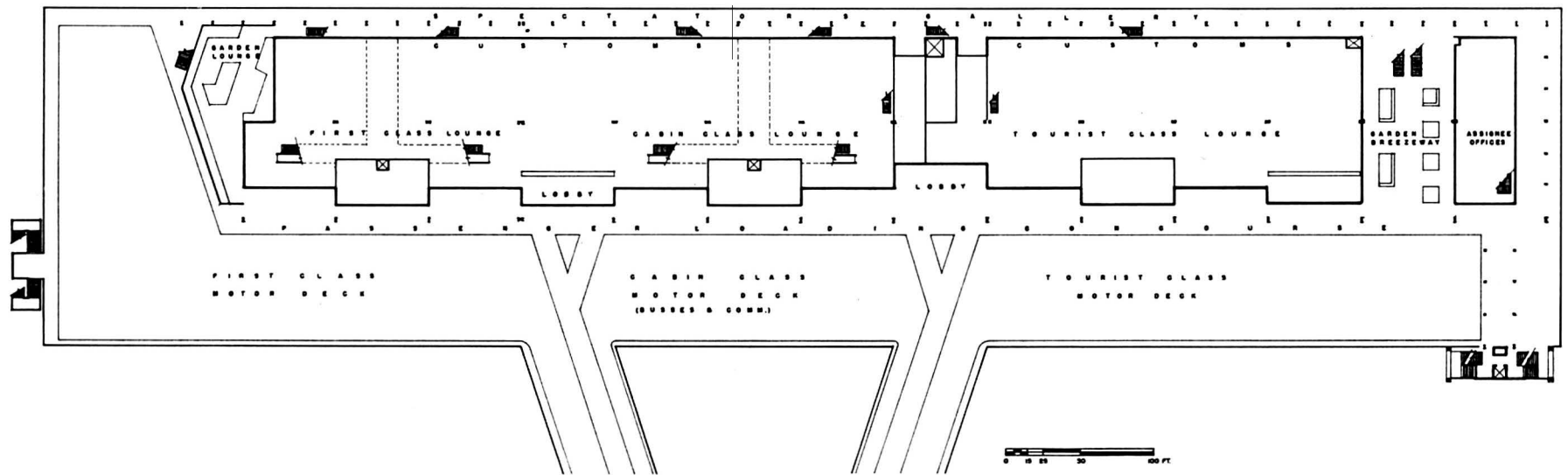
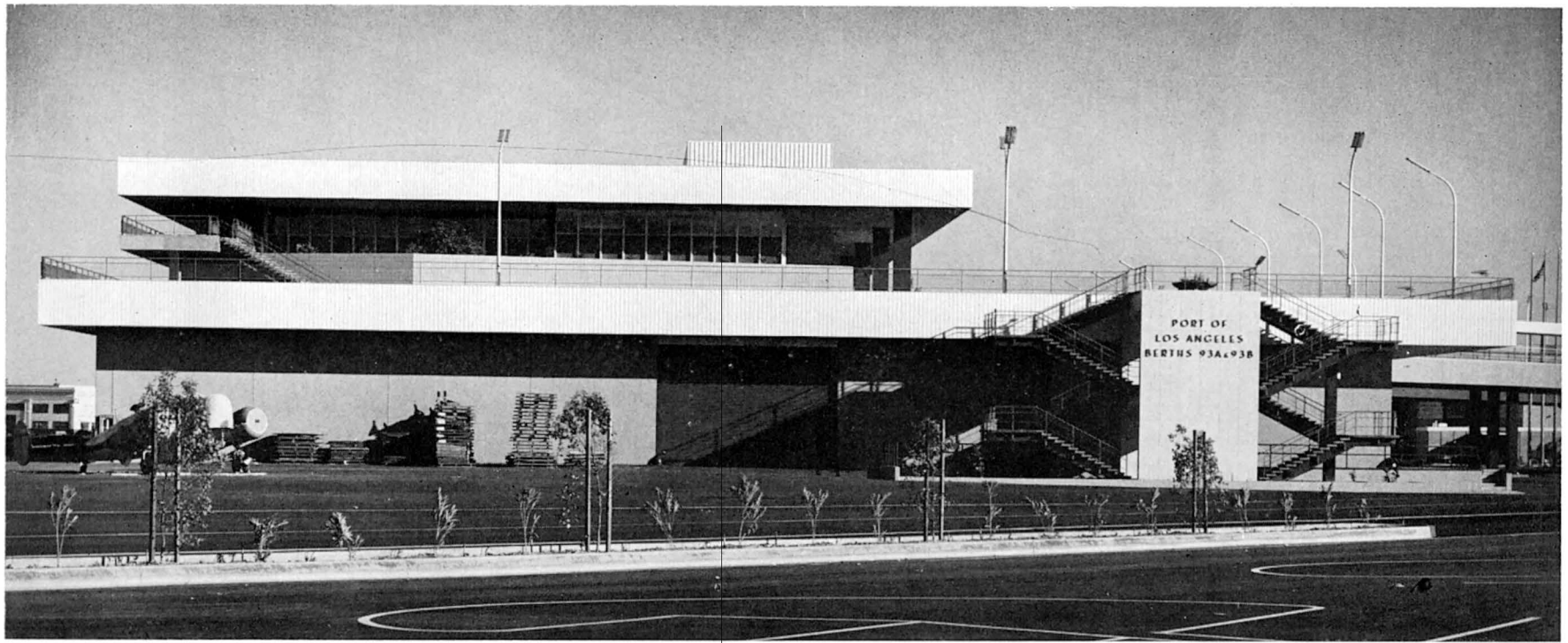




Working within the framework of Finnish tax regulations which assess on the basis of number of rooms as well as total area, the architect of this four-unit apartment house in Helsinki skilfully discharged his obligation to the client-owner. And in doing so he also patently kept in mind his more remote esthetic duty to the future tenants. The units have been designed so that each is comprised of a single living space of about 1290 square feet (120 square metres). Partitions separating the rooms that of necessity must be isolated have been given the character of furnishings. And the continuity of the ceiling, seen through the upper portion of the partitions, gives an impression of spaciousness to the small, almost tiny, rooms.

Principal materials used were untreated, poured concrete, asbestos cement, thermoglass and black aluminum for the window framing.



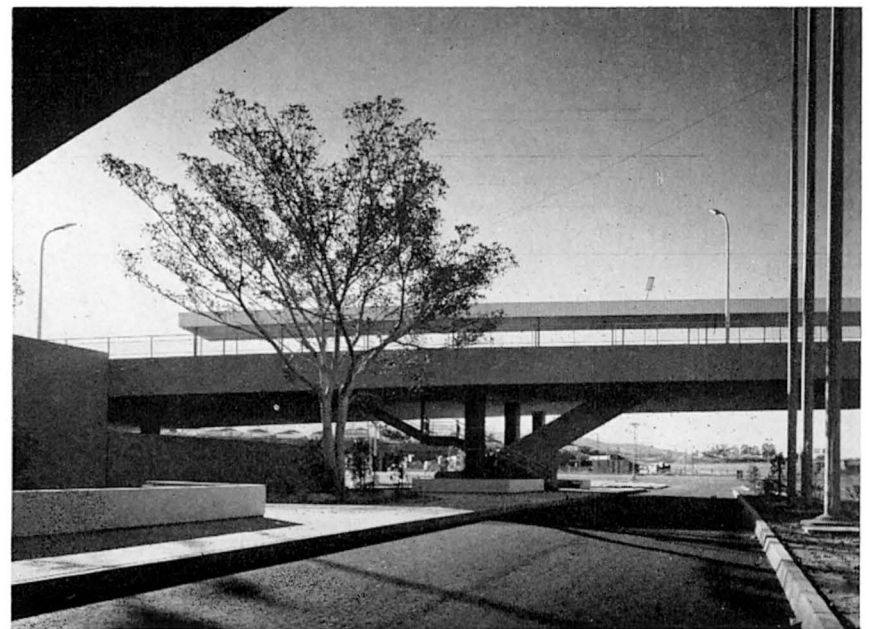


## LOS ANGELES HARBOR TERMINAL

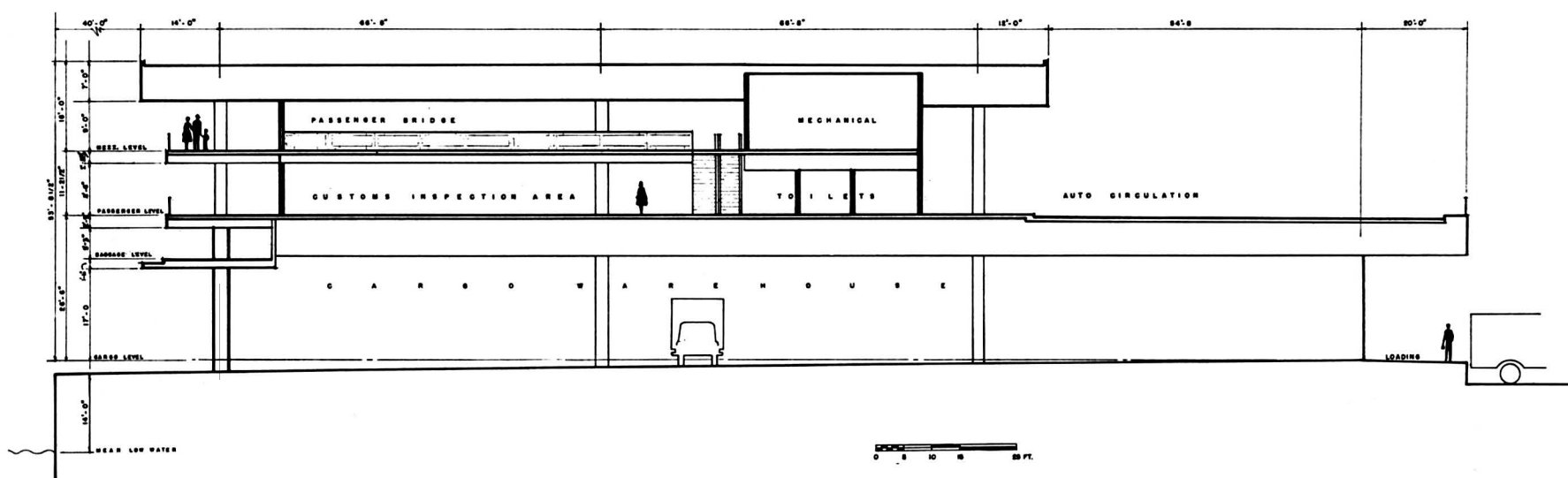
A JOINT VENTURE BY KISTNER, WRIGHT & WRIGHT, ARCHITECTS & ENGINEERS;

EDWARD H. FICKETT, ARCHITECT; AND S. B. BARNES & ASSOCIATES

Project Architect: Thomas T. Chino





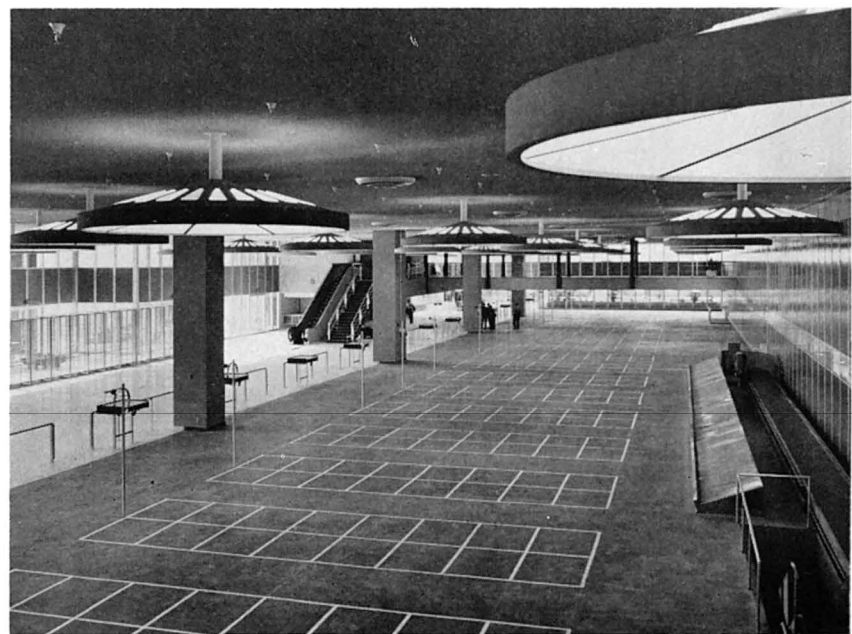


The architects were asked to create ocean travel facilities equal in comfort and convenience to those provided today's air travelers but with a pointed reminder by the client (the Port of Los Angeles) that ship passenger traffic nets little revenue. Every hour that a passenger ship is berthed, the Port loses money from cargo vessels denied the space.

The traditional facility for cargo handling has been the transit shed, adapted to passenger uses. Experience has proved this to be costly in time, money and efficiency and the architects here have separated the functions of the terminal. By conducting virtually all passenger handling at a level above the transit shed and providing direct access roads to the upper level, cargo operation losses are held to a minimum of the actual time the passenger craft is tied up.

The superliner S.S. President Washington (41,768 tons, l.o.a. 908' 6", 1450 passengers) was used to determine the size of the slips, berth and passenger facilities. The slip was oriented east and west and has a 1227' length. The craft to be accommodated is 908' - 6" long. The typical transit shed is 200' x 1000' (set by Harbor policy). The Los Angeles Harbor Department pier construction is done in multiplex of 3' - 6". The Joint Venture made an analysis of construction media both in steel and concrete and found that difference in weight alone would be reflected in additional cost for foundation piling. A soil engineer was retained to make a study of this site and his report indicated that the slough had some depths that would require extra long piles. Moment connections for pre-stressed concrete would not be practical for the disciplines of ship-shore relationships. Steel was selected as the skeletal medium (because of soil condition) for weight saving, better space utilization and over-all economy. Present day Los Angeles Harbor Department transit

(Continued on page 30)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMIR FARR

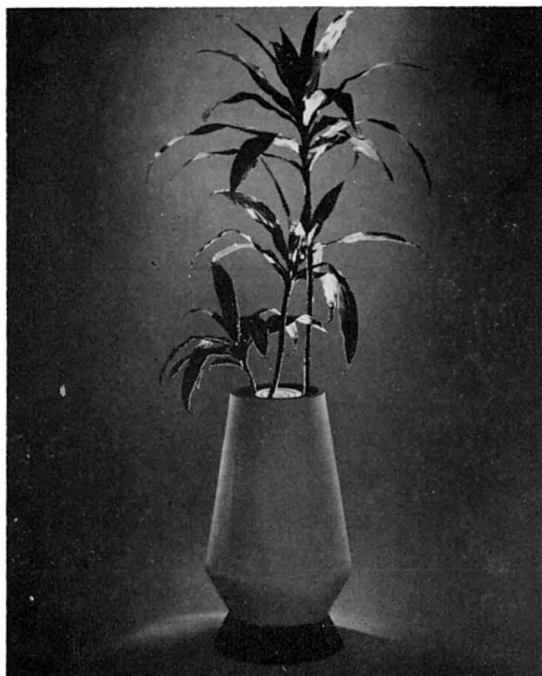


### ILLUMINATED CERAMIC PLANTERS BY FOUR SEASONS

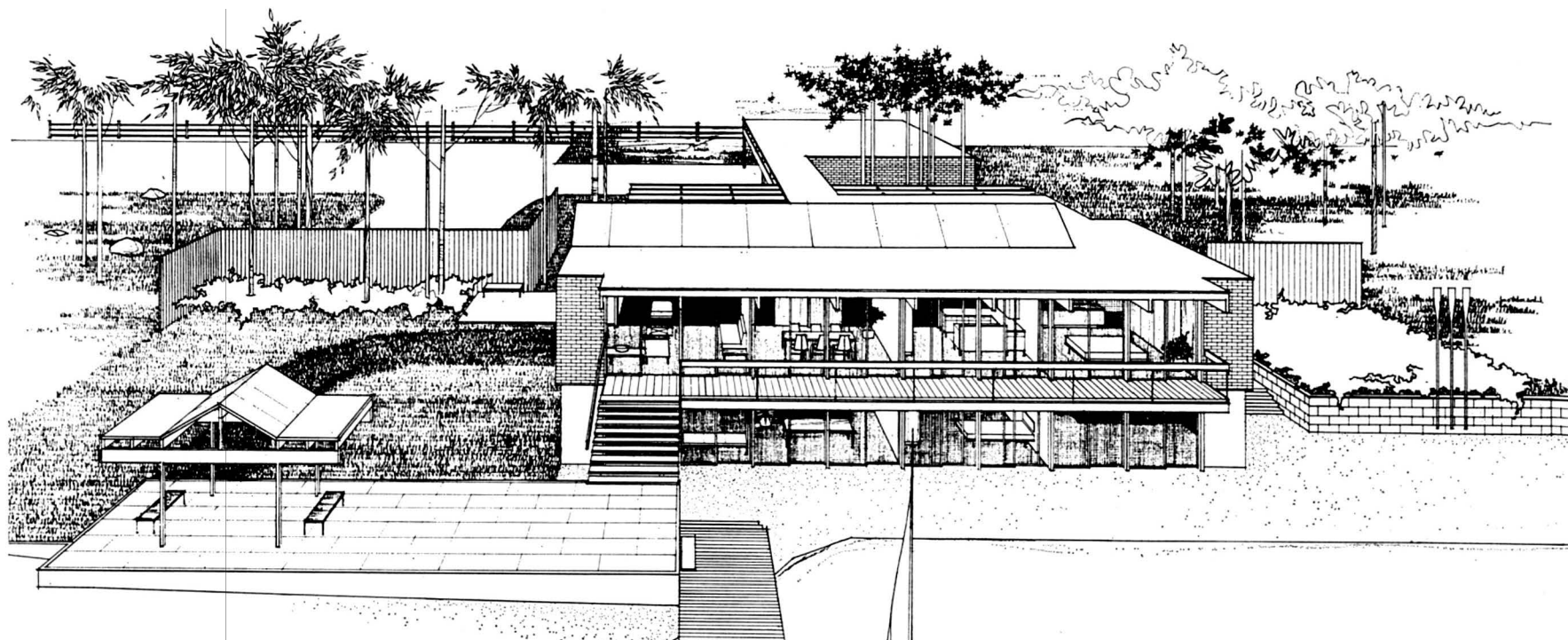


These large scale, heavy walled architectural planters are designed to bring plants to life after dark and additionally to provide a secondary illuminating system for patios and walkways. The water-proofed lighting is enclosed in a central island walled off from the surrounding planted area. An interesting interplay of light is created by the conical or tapered designs which re-reflect light reflected from the foliage.

Manufactured by Four Seasons of Los Angeles and designed by Mitchell Bobrick, Inc., the planters are made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick fired ceramic and vary in height from 12" to 36". The wiring system allows permanent installation or portable with plug. Finishes available are matte black or white glaze and terra cotta buff. Colored filters are also available.





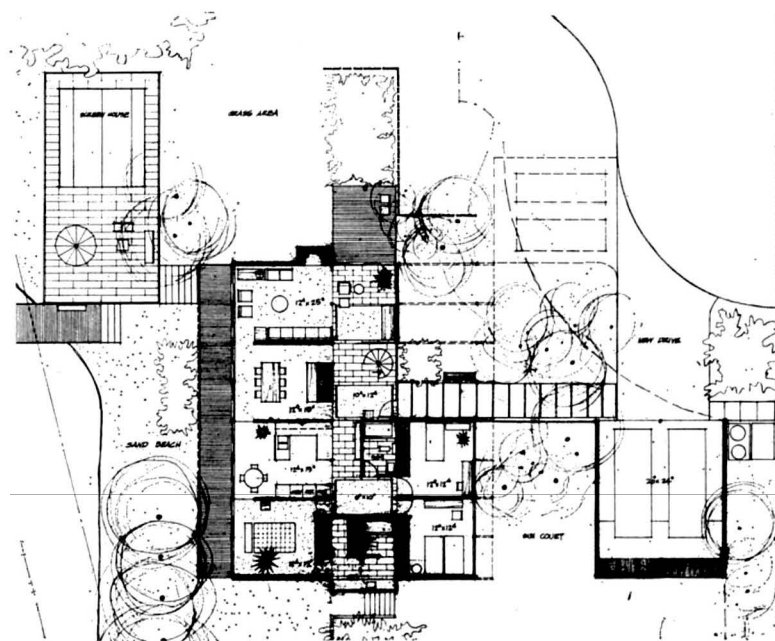
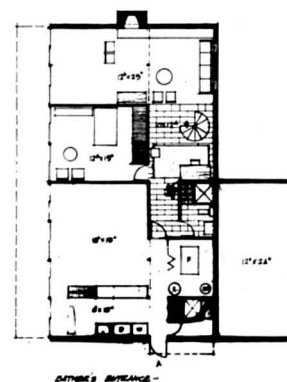


**HOUSE BY HUEBNER AND HENNEBERG, ARCHITECTS**

This residence is located on a small suburban lake lot which slopes down from the street to a sand beach. The placement of the house and garage creates distinctly different landscape zones — formal green lawn to the north, sand beach to the east, and natural wilds to the south. The formal, fun, and solitary zones of the house relate directly to the corresponding kind of landscape.

Major rooms of the upper floor are oriented to take advantage of the lake view. A broad deck and overhead protect the glass areas. Two bedrooms face a secluded sun court. Solar gray glass is to be used on the lakeside to the west to cut the glare. Lower level rooms, mostly recreational in character, open directly to the beach. A free standing patio and screen house is accessible from either level.

The roof of the house is composed of exposed beams, purlins, and wood decking. All partitions relate directly to this roof grid. The peaked portion of the roof adds visual interest to a section of the living room, accents the entry foyer, and provides clerestory light at the end of the hallway and to the laundry room. Painting and decoration will emphasize the natural character of the materials and the site. Cost is estimated at \$18 to \$20 a square foot.



# **REPERTORY THEATER—RALPH RAPSON**

(Continued from page 16)

responsibility for interpretation and translation of the material into physical reality is the sole responsibility of the architect.

Preliminary discussions with Guthrie established his preference for "open stage" production and the desire to always have one wall to play against, thus ruling out any "total theatre" or "theatre-in-the-round" or any great degree of convertible theatre. Basic also in the thinking was the desire for an "intimate" actor-audience relationship with as many people as possible close to the performing area.

In spirit I felt that the interior character of the house should dramatically set the scene for the performance; anticipating and enhancing a lively and stimulating event, without over-powering the actual performance. The balanced, yet dynamically asymmetrical seating plan, the confetti-like color pattern of the upholstery, and the acoustical ceiling "clouds" are an outgrowth of this philosophy. Since balcony seats are often considered "second class citizens," an attempt was made to eliminate this distinction by using the orchestra and balcony seating into one continuous row on one side, while providing at the same time variety, unusual seating, and a dynamic form.

The actual shape and size of the house, the particular seating layout which provides 200-degree seating about the open stage, the slope of the floor, the inclination and shape of walls and ceiling clouds, the location of aisles and actors' entrances, the flexible stage wall, were all the result of many studies, sketches and models. The house grew out of exhaustive consideration of good sight lines, sensitive acoustics, flexible lighting, fire and safety codes, structural and air conditioning factors, and a variety of other requirements. Many scale models of the interior were built to visualize and test, by light readings, the exact nature and character of all parts of the space.

While everything possible was done to provide a sensitive and correct space in the planning stages, I realize the house may require additional "tuning" as the space is used and experienced.

The extremely unstable nature of the subsoil of the site and the delicate condition of the existing Walker Art Center building posed unique structural problems. Because of the long spans and heavy loads and the soil conditions, much of the structure is built on deep concrete piling, with no new loading permitted on or close to the Walker foundations. Light steel framing was employed for lightness and economy.

Since existing theatre seating units were not in keeping with the design of the theatre, the architect worked closely with various manufacturers. The new chair employed in the theatre is a result of this design effort and is being used for the first time in this building.—RALPH RAPSON

Although auditorium doors are yellow and orange and seats, designed by the architect, are upholstered in festive colors—including orange, violet, dark olive, hunter green, two blues, straw yellow and ochre—when house lights are dimmed the interior is intentionally low in key.

One of the architect's innovations is the irregular, serrated face of the balcony which serves to break down the division between upper and lower levels. Cantilevered above the orchestra, the in-and-out arrangement provides groups of seats that are essentially boxes.

High on one wall above the stage is an invisible musicians' gallery where players can be heard but not seen. And backstage are five working floors served by an elevator containing rehearsal rooms, Green Room and kitchen, scenery and costume workshops, dressing rooms and showers, locker rooms, wardrobe rooms and other theater essentials.

# **HARBOR TERMINAL—KISTNER, WRIGHT & WRIGHT**

(Continued from page 27)

sheds are 1008' long and 200' feet wide clear-span. The decision to elevate all passenger handling activity to the upper level including automobiles, necessarily reduced the transverse north-south span to three 66' - 8" bays with a total building width of 204'. The economical longitudinal span (east-west) to complement this was determined to be 63' (a multiple of 3' - 6").

The terminal is on the south boundary of the slip and is designed to allow the passenger progressively to disembark from a ship and move southward into customs inspection, to an awaiting taxi, bus or auto, then to the ground via ramps with a moderate incline. A plan was created with a traffic loop serving each class providing maximum "pick-up" concourses and each conducting southward on individual ramps to the ground and providing the needed "sorting" of various classes of passenger traffic and reservoir space.

The \$6 million terminal has won a 1963 Architectural Award of Excellence from the American Institute of Steel Construction.

# **ART GALLERY—PHILIP JOHNSON**

(Continued from page 20)

Mrs. M-N: They are huge sparsely and I think quite nicely. You also have a light texture on the walls. Each room looks a little different. If you had white walls, there would be no variation.

Mr. Johnson: I picked the carpet for the walls because it was practical, and now I find that it adds to the space.

Mrs. M-N: Mr. Johnson, you have never in your life picked anything because it was practical.

Mr. Johnson: You are absolutely right.

Mr. Johnson: Now to my favorite picture. The most important picture, in my opinion, in the collection is this Hopper (*Room in New York, 1932*). You notice the *nostalgie*, the terrible feeling in the pit of the stomach that everything is going to go wrong in a few minutes. Obviously he likes the newspaper and he is not paying attention to her. And she is getting madder and madder. She is making noises on the piano which will soon annoy him. And yet is an idyllic little scene in a sad little room, which is much too small for the couple. This is the horrible fate of all of us, to be bored with our own mates. Even at the moment of being together, we are lonely. This horrible loneliness. It is the great trouble of all of the world. The microcosm of a microcosm. The world reduced to one single situation. Then all of a sudden we drop it and turn away from the picture, with this experience that Hopper has been able to give us. Then we return to reality and sort of shake ourselves. For that reason, one builds museums. If I could take that picture and make the message clearer to the viewer, then I have done my duty as an architect.

. . . you get that marvelous sense of coming back into reality to find that you are still in a perfectly pleasant room.

(The pair moves to the second-story opening in the exhibition room, which looks out upon the Great Hall.)

It's like a Spanish courtyard. You have the grouping of people and excitement, but you are not part of it. Then you look into the other rooms, across the Hall, and see a pretty girl. You don't know what's around there that you can't see.

Mrs. M-N: You feel the sense of mystery.

Mr. Johnson: Another reason for these openings into the Great Hall is that the Great Hall is not only the grand staircase, in the baroque sense, but it is also a courtyard in the Spanish sense or the Arabic sense.

Mrs. M-N: It is like a patio.

Mr. Johnson: It is the patio essence. You always refer back



to it in your thinking, no matter what room you're in. You are only one room from the court no matter where you stand in this museum. If you go into some of the great museums of Europe you become terrified after the third room. Enfilade or no enfilade, you are nowhere.

(Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Moholy-Nagy move out of the south exhibition rooms, across the bridge toward the north exhibition rooms, still on the second level.)

Mr. Johnson: I wish I could explain how I feel about children going across bridges.

Mrs. M-N: Not only children, but also adults. You know in the old gardens, they have bridges over nothing. Remember the Palladian bridge—it is only there for nothing. It is just a delight going over bridges.

Mr. Johnson: You are above everyone here. You are also going from one dark place to another dark place, out into the exposed air. Look at the people over there. Who are they? See the great sense of *mystery*. There is a *liaison* here. You know I spent more time on that *liaison* than I did on any other part of the museum. It is the essence of the whole design.

Mrs. M-N: (looking at the ceiling of the Great Hall) And the gold leaf (on the disks in the ceiling) is there so you get a feeling of separation from the stone.

(They enter the north suite of three exhibition rooms, with travertine marble floor and painted canvas-covered walls.)

Mr. Johnson: This suite of rooms is absolutely the opposite of the suite we just left. The director and I had disagreements here. And the architect loses certain battles and this was the one, because there is a great cleavage in modern architecture between my baroque sense and the more *Modern* sense, like the Museum of Modern Art modern. I mean modern in today's sense, where you have flexible space. That is, the director will chop this room up at some time to make different traveling exhibitions. So these walls couldn't have carpeting. The lighting is all adjustable.

Mrs. M-N: The feeling is much different; a more indifferent feeling.

Mr. Johnson: It's amazing; I don't know why. I like the difference. I must say this is the best room in the museum, proportionately speaking (28.5 feet wide, 47 feet long, with a 15-foot ceiling). It is larger; the tendency in museum work is so difficult. If you make it too small, it becomes corridor-like. This room is a generous room, and it was never meant to be this way. This room was meant to be cut up into three or four little rooms and it may be in some future exhibition.

(Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Moholy-Nagy move down the rear stairway to the first floor into the print room, which is carpeted on both floor and walls and has fixed lighting.)

Mrs. M-N: I think the black of the prints looks particularly well on this textured background. It makes the prints look very attractive. It brings out the dark lines.

Mr. Johnson: You notice we have in the museum three ceiling levels. There is a 10-foot level here, 15 feet upstairs, and 30 feet out in the Great Hall.

Mrs. M-N: This is the most intimate level.

Mr. Johnson: If we had put the Lipchitz (a 14-foot bronze statue) in here, it would have hit the ceiling. And that is one of the architectural problems that is so difficult in museums.

(They enter the Sheldon Board Room, which is adjacent to the Print Room.)

Mrs. M-N: Did you select all of the furniture yourself? It seems particularly fitting.

Mr. Johnson: Mrs. Sheldon had a great deal to say about it. If I didn't like her taste, I could veto it, but I didn't have to.

Mrs. M-N: I think it is a very intimate and elegant room. It

is amazing how these Barcelona chairs by Mies van der Rohe are still holding their own. The design is from 1929, but they are still modern chairs.

Mr. Johnson: The colors here are honey, gold and the brown of the teak wood, gold carpet, the circular oak table with Danish chairs. This is the board room, where the trustees of the Nebraska Art Association will meet.

Mrs. M-N: As a New Yorker, I am full of envy for the Nebraskans, having such a museum. Really, there is nothing like it in New York, and I feel that this is a place where you could bring students and show them what architecture and art could do for each other.

Mr. Johnson: The whole history of modern architecture is wrapped up in a small story that I'm fond of recalling. It illustrates where we are in modern architecture today. A lady came up to me in Washington, where we just finished a museum, much smaller than this. She asked me, "Mr. Johnson, what period is your museum?" I was shocked. I always thought I was rather *avant garde*, and smart, and a young modern architect. But, of course, this just proves that modern architecture has now come full circle and you no longer have modern, eclectic, or classical, or any of these words. You must do good architecture or you do bad architecture. And some people may think this building is a period piece, but of what period?

Mrs. M-N: But you must never forget, for me as an historian this is so clear, that the only question is: Is this museum timeless? Will the people 50 or 100 years from now still feel the same delight that we feel here today. This is, I think, the great risk in architectural design.

Mr. Johnson: And we don't know.

Mrs. M-N: We don't know, but we hope. I predict that this building will last.

Mr. Johnson: Thank you, this is the best museum I've done.

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## MUSIC

(Continued from page 9)

Suppose we were to invest the same sort of money in small life-subsidies for American artists — not only young ones. Our first purpose in the arts should be to make the artist's path from self-discovery to maturity not plain, straight, or simple, not luxuriant, but possible. We don't guarantee him a job; he has a job, we pay him for it. Here is shelter; here is a small guaranteed income; go to work. If you wish a degree, if you need art education, we'll assist but not require it. Though your sins be as Strindberg's, we shall not abandon you. Be as rich or famous as you can by your own efforts, but let your work be your life; we shall ensure that you and your family have comfort enough and do not starve. Now forget us and think only of what you must do. Not Parks of Culture and Rest in the Soviet style with consequent restrictions, nor jackpot grants of funny-money, a year at a time, which deflect the artist from his purpose. Only the real artist will be happy to thrive on this regimen.

Work, production, political and moral standards have nothing to do with us. If the artist beats his wife or steals, he may go to jail; we do not deny him his status as an artist. The young Dostoevsky was condemned as a revolutionary; the older Dostoevsky became a black reactionary; the anti-social Dostoevsky stole his wife's last pennies to gamble. He knew in himself the passion to be evil and the agony to repent; he lived in misery and wrote with the passion of a saint. The writers of France helped to free Jean Genet from a life-sentence as a confirmed thief. Our own Huddy Ledbetter had to be sprung from prison on two successive murder raps; he ended his life singing for Communist rallies. We are a richer and better nation because of the songs he left us. We need not repeat the fate of Isaac Babel, when he said before the Writers' Congress in Russia that his art had become silence. We may have to fight in this cause. Will the Foundations fight beside us — or "chicken"?

Our concentration camp for the nonconforming artist is silence, a polite exclusion, no jobs, no grants, no performance, no distribution, therefore no reputation and no income, modified by the saving intervention of a minority who provide occasional jobs, occasional grants or gifts, occasional performance, but can't overcome the largest problem, distribution.\*

Suppose some of our money went for an annual grant to every American orchestra which consistently performs music by American composers or composers living in America, or to each theater which commissions and performs a new play. The Ford Foundation has been dabbling in this field, but they do the job mainly by fashionable reputations. Prizes and awards won't do the job. Pay the artist salary enough for a living, and he will. Not every one but enough.

If you want to find the artist who is worth supporting, look for the rugged nonconformist who puts in most of his time working at his art, who may have been shoved off the gravy-train; an artist radical to life, whose individuality disturbs us; one to whom the future may turn with reverence but who is now ostracized by the committees, such a one as the poet Kenneth Patchen. Look for the man who is so busy doing his job that he can't be bothered filling out several pages of foot-long applications. Look for the man, not the degree. Above all, look beyond the esthetic purview of Manhattan. Avoid the wire-pulling of art-politics. A good many years ago, as a scout for the Pulitzer Committee, I recommended that the music award go to Arnold Schoenberg for *A Survivor from Warsaw*, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation for the Albuquerque Symphony, where it had its first performance. The prize went instead to a Manhattan-based hail-fellow, for a work now forgotten. Go out and search throughout the nation, until you find the artists who are not of Manhattan, who do not need Manhattan. Too many of them wither unripened; few mature safely to fruition. Those who do ripen, in the circumstances that deny them recognition in this wealthy nation, will be the best. They are not invisible. You must go and search.

Don't you understand that just as soon as the American community, coast to coast, begins taking pride in its artists, the artists of the community, the one in the community, the odd man down the road, just so soon the search will resolve itself!

When the local symphony plays in pride work of the local composer, not asking the pleasure of the local audience but inviting

it to pride, the local boy may not be the great man yet but he is on his way. That pride may make him a very different and more fruitful composer. When the local orchestra invites a competent local conductor — I don't mean a friend of the management — to take a concert this season or next, it may find itself pridefully refusing to hire another conductor out of Europe. Young Lou Harrison, having edited for publication the Third Symphony by Charles Ives, conducted successfully the world premiere, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, that tough outfit, in one of its subsidiary manifestations. Though he had never before directed an orchestra, they encouraged him to come back and lead them several more times, including the first performance of a major work by Carl Ruggles. Ingolf Dahl has led the University of Southern California student orchestra in outstandingly competent performances of Ives, Ruggles, Toch. Why shouldn't he be asked to lead a pair or two of programs with the Los Angeles Philharmonic? Then, for once, we should hear the orchestra play major works by these composers.

The European artist trains by working at his art in a local community, until he is sufficiently routinized to go elsewhere. The American artist goes to school; as a reward for competence he is sent abroad. When he returns, the university opens its monastic gates to him. Nothing more is expected from him, except — Don't rock the boat!

I bring the same vision I offered last year at the Wingspread Conference on the Arts.

A community art center shows to me in vision like one of Buckminster Fuller's\* domes, built not from the ground up with money but assembled rapidly by sections, and so light, being freed of institutional weight, it can be flown into place. It should be a group of open workshops, subdivided as need occurs, with dismountable space-dividers. There should be simple stages and rehearsal rooms. It need be no more comfortable than a cathedral, but it need not be an imitation cathedral. It must be well lighted and all of it designed with correct acoustics. It is not meant to be a school with scheduled classes.

By simplifying and combining facilities, a community program for the arts can reduce deficits; by growing in service it can eliminate them. The constant flowing of people through well-designed, well-managed community centers — not show-palaces — will create new thousands of "intellectuals" for the arts, until the bad name, like so many bad names thrown at art, ceases to function. Use will be the best advertisement, as we see already in libraries and museums.

Such community centers can invigorate a healthy circulation of amateurs and artists, provide for the work of art and for the audience. Instead of being socially cut off and prohibitive by cost, the art center should be a focus of communal meeting. The artist will feel encouraged to live and work in a place that is native to him. International art on the grand scale tends rapidly to museum art, wall decoration, a curiosity, a nullity, an international pidgin. Technical accomplishment cannot make up the lack of native roots, of native pride.

Our first duty to art in the United States, throughout the continent, is to serve the native artist, the creator, the performer. We must discover the native artist, the local artist, and give him a place to work where he lives.

\*Have you read Buckminster Fuller's *Untitled Epic Poem on Industrialization*, published, more than 20 years after it was written, by that self-sacrificing benefactor of American poets, Jonathan Williams? You would do well to. The greatest of American know-howlers is still almost totally unrecognized — though the repute he has keeps him steadily busy. A composite Einstein and Ben Franklin, he is not less.

And you would do well to encourage such as Jonathan Williams.

## BOOKS

(Continued from page 6)

Pegler (the last-named, in a libel suit,) he writes with authority and vigor and the lucidity for which he has long been noted. This book, which wraps up a generation, to use the journalese, ends in the thundering climax of the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit. It reads like a thriller.

"*The Day Huey Long Was Shot*" by David Zinman (Obolensky, \$4.50,) is a workmanlike reporting job which deals not only with the background symptoms of this political murder, but with some of the unanswered questions about it. Huey Long in his day apotheosized the Common Man with his lurid lie of 'every man a king,' a boast which the Kingfish used first for limited political goals in Louisiana, later expanded to encompass all of the United States. The question the author poses here is a simple one: Did Dr. Carl Weiss kill Huey Long? Aside from lack of

(Continued on page 34)

\*A good example of this concentration camp technique was the savaging of the composer Harry Partch in *Time* 7/3/63: quotations chosen for disparagement, incorrect information, mockery, even the news that his father was an atheist. Nothing was said to explain the importance and excellence, however presently neglected, of his theoretical and creative work.



## et cetera

### HONORS & AWARDS

ARTHUR G. BARTON of Glendale, Calif., elected to Fellowship in the American Society of Landscape Architects, in recognition of his "excellence in executed work and for service to the society."

Winners of the American Institute of Steel Construction's 1963 Architectural Awards of Excellence: BREO FREEMAN, Pasadena, Calif.; NORRIS M. GADDIS, Oakland, Calif.; HASSINGER & SCHWAM, Philadelphia; KISTNER, WRIGHT & WRIGHT, EDWARD H. FICKETT, S. B. BARNES & ASSOC. (Joint Venture), Los Angeles; VINCENT G. KLING, Philadelphia; HAARSTICK LUNDGREN & ASSOC., St. Paul; NELSEN, SABIN & VAREY, Seattle; SOM, Chicago; STANLEY ENGINEERING CO., Muscatine, Iowa.

Oklahoma State architectural student GEORGE R. EUBANKS won the \$800 1963 design competition sponsored by the Committee of Stainless Steel Producers. Second prize went to J. Renard Bollier, University of Illinois; and third prize to Lawrence B. Rosenblum of Columbia University. The problem was to design a modular transportation shelter adaptable to prefabricated mass production.

### APPOINTMENTS

HENRY DREYFUSS, FASID: UCLA's first "Professor in Residence", a new faculty category created in recognition of the important role of the industrial designer in education at the university level.

ERIC PAWLEY, Research Secretary of the AIA: professor of architecture at USC. Dean Samuel T. Hurst said that Pawley in addition to teaching will direct the school's research in architecture.

DAVID NEVILLE LEWIS, architect, author, teacher, critic and urban planner: Andrew Mellon Professor of Architecture and Urban Design at Carnegie Tech.



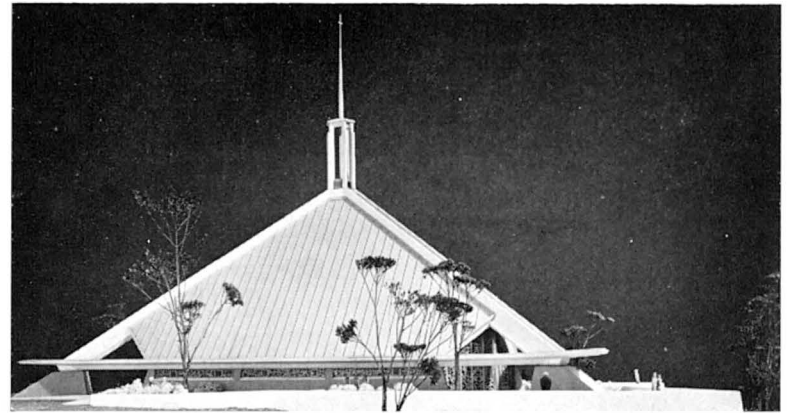
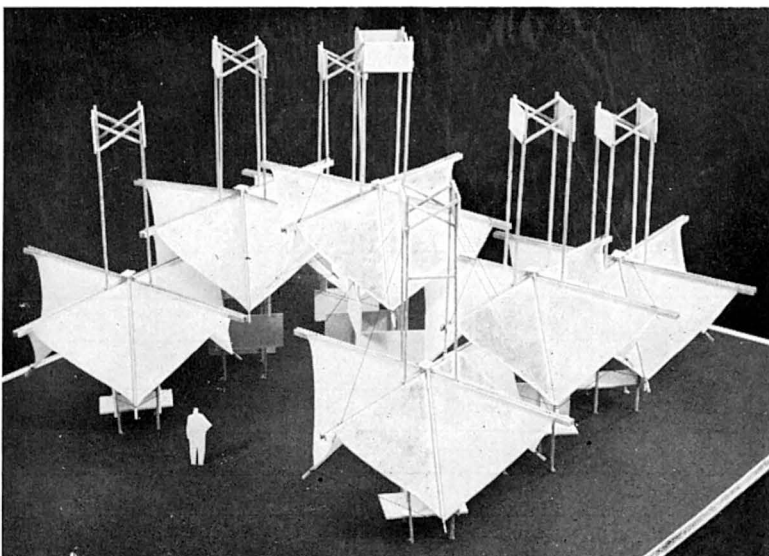
Eric Pawley

CHARLES LUCKMAN: Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the California State Colleges, largest state college system in the world.

### COMPETITIONS

Joint competitive awards for excellence in architectural design of manufactured homes by *Look* Magazine and the Home Manufacturers Association. Open to any firm whose primary business is factory manufacturing of homes. Homes must be architecturally designed. Contest closes Aug. 15. Mr. Patrick Gannon, *Look* Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

Below is the winning display pavilion design entry in the University of Washington student competition. Designed by 5th-year student JAMES J. SANDERS, the pavilion will house exhibitions of student art work.



Above is the chapel, by VINCENT G. KLING, for the new Concordia Lutheran Junior College in Ann Arbor, Mich. The chapel will be the focus of the new campus designed by Kling.

### SCHOLARSHIPS & GRANTS

\$10,000 Graham Foundation grant to Illinois Gov. Otto Kerner for a study it is hoped will lead to the formation of a state arts council.

After three years of awarding \$20,000 annually for outstanding accomplishment in design, the Kaufmann International Design Awards are to be research grants of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each to encourage new research and development in all fields of design. Apply to: Secretary, Design Committee, Institute of International Education, 800 Second Ave., N. Y. 17.

\$2,500 Walter Paepcke design scholarship by Container Corporation of America for an independent industrial designer's contribution to packaging. Entry deadline is mid-September.

A number of \$3,000 fellowships by the American Academy in Rome for independent work in architecture, landscape architecture, musical composition, painting, sculpture, history of art, and classical studies. Open to U.S. citizens, no age limit; fellowships will be awarded on the basis of ability and achievement beginning October, 1964. Apply to the Academy's New York office, 101 Park Ave., N. Y. 17, by December 31.

Three-year scholarships in the amount of \$750 a year by the Tile Council of America to every accredited school of architecture in the U. S.

### CONFERENCES

Second Pacific Rim Architectural Conference of the California Council, AIA, from October 12 to 18, Mexico City.

Prestressed Concrete Institute, San Francisco, October 5 to 11, and Honolulu, October 14 to 18. Joint sessions scheduled with the American Society of Civil Engineers.

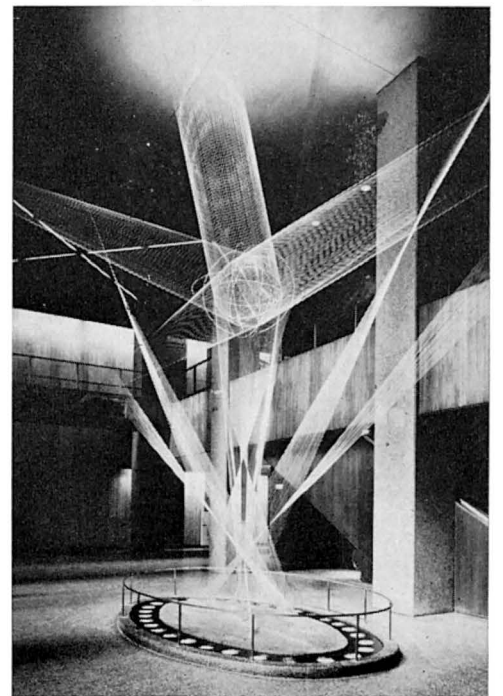
VII Biennial of Sao Paulo, conference on world culture and exhibition of the art of 36 countries, September.

### Sculpture of the Month

#### Flight

by  
Richard Lippold

24,521 feet of stainless steel and 22k gold wire in seven conical forms surrounding stylized wire globe for the lobby of the Pan Am Building, New York.



## BOOKS

(Continued from page 32)

motive there are enough unanswered questions and enough attendant mysteries connected with the Louisiana dictator's death in the corridors of the state capitol to suggest, as Westbrook Pegler did in some of his best columns, that Long's murderer may still be at large. This is a fine piece of journalistic spadework; but more — the book offers a biting and bitter commentary on bayou county courthouse politics. Perhaps, as the author hints, when Huey Long's Common Man, the one he crowned king, fully realizes how thoroughly he has been taken, John Crosby's quality revolution may be on its way.

Can the individual come to withstand the pulls of conformism and mediocrity against which both Crosby and Hoppe inveigh? It takes a strong individualist to fight against preconceived notions, particular in the fields of science and medicine. This is the theme of "Alone No Longer" by Stanley Stein (a pseudonym,) the story of one man's crusade to bring America into the 20th Century as far as Hansen's disease, commonly called leprosy, is concerned (Funk & Wagnalls, \$5.00) "Alone No Longer" is a crusade and a saga of a man who well qualifies for Thomas Carlyle's image of a Hero. In 1931 the author, a victim of leprosy found himself in "The Colony," Carville, Louisiana, nameless (hence the pseudonym) and numbered. Carville and the rest of the world were still mired in the medieval notion of Hansen's disease as unclean and immoral. Stein began a "camp newspaper" to acquaint the outside world with some scientific truths about this strange malady, then considered incurable. He persuaded a national advertiser to stop using the word "leper" in advertising as a term of derogation. Leprosy is less communicable than a common cold, and the moral opprobrium of leprosy, a holdover from medieval connotations of promiscuity and punishment, has no foundation in medical fact. There are only 2,000 cases of Hansen's disease — in the United States; WHO reports 12 to 15 million world-wide. Since the 1940's new chemotherapy arrests or cures this bacillic disease, and singlehandedly Sidney Stein has waged a monumental campaign to change Carville from something out of a Hogarth 18th Century print of Bedlam to a modern house of healing.

*The Hunted Children* by Donald A. Lowrie, (W. W. Norton, \$4.50,) is another account of heroism and sacrifice — this time on the part of a group of Y. M. C. A. workers, Quakers and scores of other similar agencies who did what they could to alleviate suffering in Nazi and Vichy prisons and compounds in Petain's France during the War. Lowrie's saga begins with his and his wife's flight southward from Paris a few hours ahead of the hobnailed boots of the Germans. The author's modest account of the work he did rescuing Czechs, Poles, Jews, Catholics and other political prisoners makes exciting and suspenseful reading. The feats of these dedicated people were prodigious. The found themselves moving slowly from the business of saving to the business of espionage and ultimately to sabotage an inexorable metamorphosis of these peaceable people as Lowrie describes it. Lowrie's principle undertaking was the rescuing and hiding of six thousand children, an incredible accomplishment. The author makes the privations, the horror, the pathos, the great panorama of human misery and tragedy very real by his simple, straightforward account.

## BOOKS TO WATCH FOR

*Gentleman in Waiting* by Andre Couteaux (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.75,) is a delightful and witty novel about some of the perversities of our time. The hero, as engaging a wastrel as you'll meet in this season's literature, becomes the worshipped high priest of a world-wide cult which is dedicated to doing nothing. In passing the author comments on the follies and the foibles of our western and eastern ways with barbed urbanity. Superior writing and a brilliant satire on the Do Something school of life.

*Cry Havoc* (Scribner's, \$3.50,) Richard Martin Stern has used the suspense device to tell the story of Sam Walters who wants to prove that his home town does not belong to the First Family, or anyone else for that matter. The wife of one of the town's Respectables is the victim of an attack. The townspeople turn to the outsiders and accuse the presence of an Army Installation as the cause for the crime. Captain Walters puts things in their true perspective in a well written novel of suspense and psychological insight.

## CURRENTLY AVAILABLE PRODUCT LITERATURE AND INFORMATION

*Editor's Note: To obtain a copy of any piece of literature, list the number which precedes it on the coupon which appears below, giving your name, address, and occupation. Return the coupon to Arts & Architecture, 3305 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California, and your requests will be filled as rapidly as possible.*

## APPLIANCES

(426a) The 36-page Hotpoint Profit Builders catalog for architects and builders contains specifics on Hotpoint's full line of products, including built-in ovens, dishwashers, disposers, heating devices, refrigerators, ranges, air conditioners, laundry equipment. Also included are diagrams of twelve model Hotpoint kitchens with complete specifications for each. Hotpoint.

## FURNITURE

(377a) Furniture: A complete line of imported upholstered furniture and related tables, warehoused in Burlingame and New York for immediate delivery; handcrafted quality furniture moderately priced; ideally suited for residential or commercial use. Dux Inc.

✓ (400a) Herman Miller Inc. offers a series of coordinated brochures illustrating the Herman Miller Collection. Also available is a Comprehensive Storage System Workbook and a Residential book. Herman Miller, Inc.

## LIGHTING

✓ (405a) Recessed and Accent Lighting Fixtures: Complete range contemporary recessed and surface designs for residential, commercial applications. Holiday pendants, gay, colorful combinations of hand-blown colored or satin opal glass as well as metal shades. Light-form fixtures—soft satin thermoplastic glass in glowing geometric shapes for unusual decorative effects. Prescolite Manufacturing Corporation, 1251 Doolittle Drive, San Leandro, California.

(366a) Contemporary Fixtures: Catalog, data good line contemporary fixtures, including complete selection recessed surface mounted lense, down lights incorporating Corning wide angle Pyrex lenses: recessed, semi-recessed surface mounted units utilizing reflector lamps: modern chandeliers for widely diffused, even illumination: Luxo Lamp suited to any lighting task. Selected units merit specified for CSHouse 1950. Harry Gitlin, 917 3rd Avenue, New York 22.

## SPECIALTIES

(252a) Stained Glass Windows: 1" to 2" thick chipped colored glass embedded in cement reinforced with steel bars. A new conception of glass colored in the mass displays decomposing and refracting lights. Design from the pure abstract to figurative modern in the tradition of 12th century stained glass. Roger Darricarrere.

(425a) Fireplaces: Write for free information on the popular "Fire-Hood" conical metal fireplace. Four distinctive models available in 9 porcelainized decorator colors. Condon-King Company.

(403a) Lanterns, a major innovation in lighting designed by George Nelson and manufactured by the Howard Miller Clock Company. are shown in a two-color, four-page brochure just issued. The illustrations show all 21 styles in four models — ceiling, wall, table and floor—and include the large fluorescent wall or ceiling unit designed primarily for contract installation. Each is accompanied by dimensions and price. Distributed by Richards Morgenthau, Inc. Howard Miller Clock Company.

## SURFACE TREATMENTS

✓ (406a) New 24-page brochure. "The pleasure of planning your home with Mosaic Tile," depicts unusual uses of tile, presents a variety of home planning ideas: large selection of handsome color photographs. Tiled steps, hallways, tiled fireplaces, kitchens, bathrooms, patios and swimming pools show the versatility and wide color choices as well as low maintenance costs and lifetime advantages of ceramic tile. Mosaic Tile Company.

(423a) Interpace has published a 6-page brochure on the new Contours CV, a lightweight ceramic architectural facing for exterior and interior use. The brochure features photographs of 12 standard designs in a wide pattern variety ranging from those achieving medallion effect to ones which vary the play of light. The brochure also details dimensions for individual custom designs which can be designed up to 11 1/2" x 11 1/2". International Pipe and Ceramics Corp.

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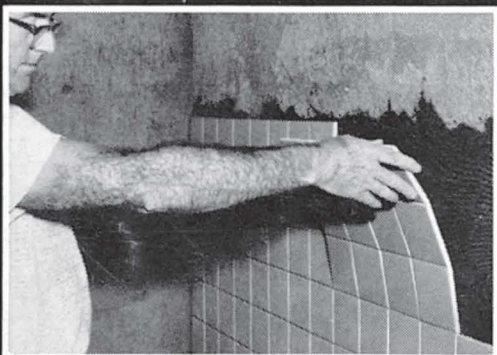
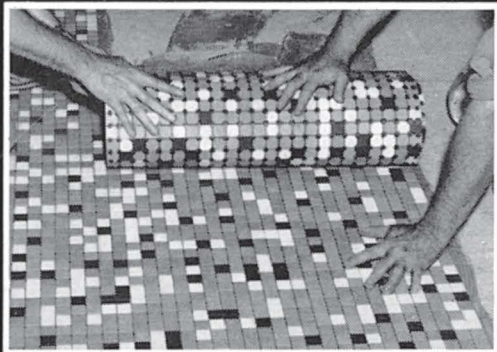
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\*Patent No. 3,041,785  
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